

# **MACLEAN'S**

FEBRUARY 16 1957

CANADA'S NATIONAL

MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

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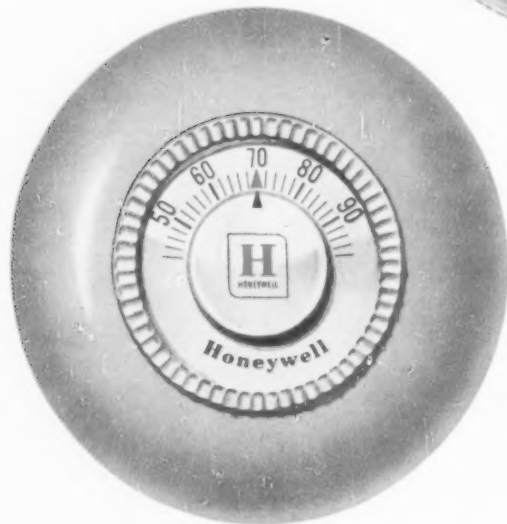
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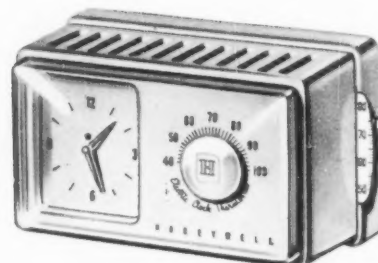
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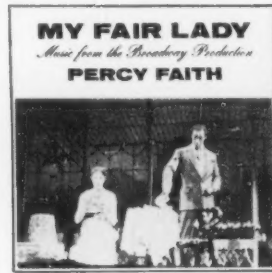
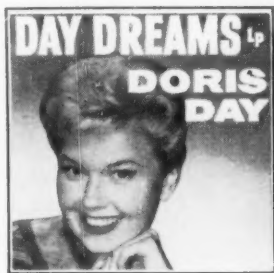


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


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

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
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# MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY 16, 1957

VOLUME 70

NUMBER 4

## Editorial

CRISIS/1957

## Some thoughts

### about us and our new neighbors

As these lines are written the bloom has already begun to wear off the romance between the people of Hungary and the people of the Western democracies.

Driven to distraction by red tape, bad food, bad housing and other disappointed hopes, a small number of Hungarian refugees in Austria, France, Great Britain and Canada have been discovered in forms of conduct that even the friendliest observers have had to describe as ungentlemanly. Some have refused to eat or work or wait in patience for a ship or a passport that may or may not arrive next spring.

Some tiny number of their hosts, here in Canada and elsewhere, have behaved in even more regrettable ways. People of small heart and smaller intelligence have complained, against both logic and humanity, that Canada will be harmed by a few thousand extra immigrants seeking jobs and houses.

None of this need be surprising. None of it need be tragic. Its dangers can easily be overcome by a small amount of human understanding. We Canadians need to understand that, by and large, Hungarians and other Europeans are pretty much like anybody else. We need to understand the folly and unfairness of idealizing them and reproaching them all when, as must happen, some of them fail to meet the ideal.

They, on their part, need to understand that there is nothing especially upright, generous, wise or tolerant about the average Canadian. The most important thing for

any newcomer to this country to learn is not how much room we have or how much oil and iron and democracy it assays to the square mile, but what the people who got here first are really like. It is important for the newcomer to know, right at the start, that there is scarcely a single form of aberration, aspiration, philosophy or prejudice that hasn't at least a few supporters, beneficiaries and victims here. We've got people who believe in Oral Roberts, conscription for armed service, cyclical budgeting, Louis St. Laurent, John Diefenbaker, free trade, Tommy Douglas, the Hudson Bay railroad, the biological necessity of preserving the black fly, the CBC, Tom Thomson, socialism, Dwight D. Eisenhower, Nikita Khrushchev, G. A. Nasser, television, existentialism, Gordie Howe, C. D. Howe, the WCTU, the pipeline, rye whiskey, taking a club to children who talk back, Aimee Semple McPherson and Elvis Presley.

That our own various people and the equally various Hungarians will have our various difficulties during the process of adjustment hardly needs arguing. That there will be incidents and aggravations is certain. That people of small conscience, vision or sympathy will try to magnify them is equally certain. But if we can remember not to judge each other either by our geniuses or our fools—of which they no doubt, like us, have produced far too few of the former and far too many of the latter—then we shall make the best beginning together that it is reasonable to expect.

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#### Acknowledgments in this issue

For the photograph of Hungarian Beauties on pages 15 and 16 several Montreal firms and individuals supplied properties. Maclean's thanks Marguerite and Lilly for Miss Von Gency's gown, Mrs. E. Vermes for the furniture and glassware, Jacoby's House of Antiques for the Herend porcelain and the Riviera Cafe for the pastry.





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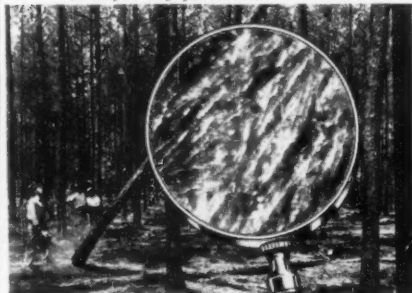
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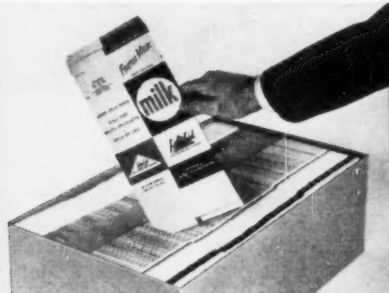
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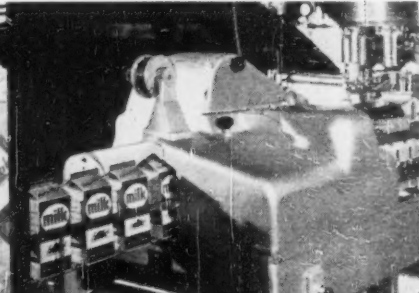
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## How well do you know YOUR HEART?

ALTHOUGH heart disease is our nation's greatest health problem, we can face it today with increasing hope and confidence. Through research, a vast amount of knowledge about the heart and its functions has been accumulated.

As studies continue, there is every justification to anticipate further advances in diagnosis, treatment... and perhaps even prevention... of various diseases affecting the heart and blood vessels.

While heart disease is a challenge to medical research, it is also a challenge to you. If you are informed about the heart, you can help protect your own and the hearts of your relatives and friends. The following questions and answers may help you to know your heart better... and give it the care it deserves.

### • Is the heart strong and durable?

Yes... the healthy heart is one of the strongest organs in the body and it has remarkable reserves of strength. Despite its immense task, a healthy heart can be nearly as efficient as the years advance as it is at age 20. Even at the older ages, a healthy heart is fully capable of meeting the body's needs.

### • Can you do anything to keep your heart in good shape?

Yes... you can protect your heart by avoiding sudden or prolonged exertion, watching your diet, avoiding overweight, and by getting the sleep and rest you need. You should also have a medical examination every year. Then if heart trouble is found, prompt treatment may control it and make possible a long and nearly normal way of life.

### • Are all heart attacks serious?

Not necessarily... because some are mild and the heart can repair itself with care and treatment. In these cases, a person may usually resume normal activities. Even when there

are serious complications, patients can often recover if the heart is helped to heal itself. In fact, four out of five of those who withstand their first coronary attack recover and continue to work full time for many years.

### • Is there such a thing as "imaginary heart trouble"?

Yes... many people think they have heart trouble because of rapid or irregular heart beat, chest pain, and shortness of breath. None of these necessarily means heart disease, but naturally you should consult your doctor about such symptoms. If his examination shows your heart is all right you can forget about the symptoms.

### • Are overweight and emotional tension bad for the heart?

Yes... overweight taxes the heart and blood vessels, according to many scientific studies. So, try to keep your weight about equal to what you should have weighed between ages 25 and 30. Emotional upsets can make your heart beat faster and your blood pressure go up.

### • Can people with heart disease lighten the heart's work?

Yes... if they learn how to care for an impaired heart. Plenty of rest, protection against infection, proper diet, and avoidance of hurry, worry and strenuous activities can all help the affected heart to carry on. Of course, treatment given by your doctor is important, but the patient himself can do most to safeguard the heart.

### • Is heart disease more prevalent now?

No... not when you consider these facts: (1) more people are living longer and reaching ages when the heart's endurance naturally ebbs; (2) heart ailments are diagnosed now with greater accuracy, whereas in the past many deaths actually caused by heart disease were blamed on other causes.

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CRISIS/1957

## London Letter

BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

### A year of fate for five men

Every new year, like every newborn baby, is influenced by heredity. It does not create itself, nor is it the architect of its own destiny. Therefore it is inevitable that the political leaders of the world cannot be complete masters of their fate. No matter how strong their purpose nor how adroit their minds they have to meet the inescapable challenge of events. If it had not been for Adolf Hitler there would have been small place for Winston Churchill in the pages of history. In fact, he would have won nothing more substantial as a political figure than the reputation for brilliant failure. One more example and then we shall examine the portents for 1957: without Napoleon there would only be a few paragraphs in history for Wellington the soldier and even less for Wellington the politician.

It is painfully obvious that 1957 is going to be a maker and breaker of political reputations. There have been few periods in the history of mankind when political leaders faced so many problems, so many difficulties and so many dangers. This has now been emphasized dramatically by the resignation of prime minister Sir Anthony Eden.

In my time in the House of Commons I saw Ramsay MacDonald beaten into a dithering, bewildered man who disappeared from public life without a tribute to his memory. Neville Chamberlain was broken on the wheel because he bought time at Munich. Even the starry-eyed idealists of that time who put their confidence in disarmament and the feckless

League of Nations cursed Chamberlain for not standing up to the threat of an armed Germany. Yet not even MacDonald or Chamberlain had to face so cruel and sustained a campaign of vilification as Sir Anthony Eden.

During the Suez crisis he was charged in the open forum of parliament and in the pages of the newspapers with petulance, vanity, dishonesty and the killing of non-combatants by bombing. And when his health broke down and on the doctors' orders he sought the sunshine of Jamaica in which to recuperate his health he was ridiculed as a privileged escapist. In the end, his health seriously impaired, his government under fire, Eden resigned. I do not doubt that if a general election took place within the next month or so the Conservatives would be defeated. The instinct to vote against a government is always more powerful than the instinct to vote for one. Therefore the British electorate would at the present moment almost certainly vote the Conservatives out. The fact that they would be voting the socialists in would be a minor consideration.

Nothing has changed my opinion that Aneurin Bevan will attain the leadership of the socialist party at the expense of Hugh Gaitskell. No one can foretell how it will be brought about, but history has a habit of creating its own technique. My opinion is that Bevan has come of age and is no longer an urchin cocking a snoot at tradition and responsibility.

Yet there is one man in the labor move- continued on page 67



**BAXTER SAYS: "...if a general election took place within the next month or so the Conservatives would be defeated"**

## IN THE editors' confidence



Photographer Curtin, illustrator Iro, cartoonist Feyer and writer Newman (seated).

### We're proud of our refugees too

The varied background of the contributors in almost any issue of Maclean's is a sign of the times in this country. An astonishing number of them are Europeans who now make their home in Canada. This is especially true in this special issue, of course, because we went out of our way to choose contributors whose backgrounds seemed to us particularly apt to the subject at hand. Suzanne Gayne, for instance, who translated and adapted the Hungarian story on page 24 (and who poses so charmingly in the photo on page 15) is a former Budapest actress, now married to a Montreal journalist. And George Iro, who illustrated the story, is a former Budapest art student who now works for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. They're both new to Maclean's.

But a surprising number of old Maclean's hands have similar histories.



Photographer Zarov's folks fled Russia.

George Feyer, who illustrated the fables on pages 20 and 21, also hails from Budapest. He's been drawing for us since 1949. Walter Curtin, who photographed all the Hungarian art treasures in this issue, comes from Vienna. He's been taking pictures for us ever since he landed in Canada in 1952. Peter Newman, who wrote the accompanying text, was born in Vienna and raised in Czechoslovakia. He joined our staff about a year ago. Basil Zarov, who helped take the photograph on page 15, was born in Canada—but just barely. His parents left Russia just before the revolution. He's an old contributor to Maclean's.

It's useful to remember, perhaps, that all of these talented people once came under the heading of "refugees," although nobody who knows them would think of them as such today. They have gained something by coming to Canada but there's no doubt that Canada has gained more. Thus we welcome the newcomers of this crisis year of 1957 with considerable anticipation. We know from experience that you'll be meeting some of them in future issues.

Which leaves us nothing more to say but thanks—thanks to the various members of the Hungarian community in Montreal who supplied the properties for the group portrait on page 15, thanks to the two distinguished Hungarian emigrés in New York who allowed us free rein to photograph their art collections, thanks to many others who helped us. ★

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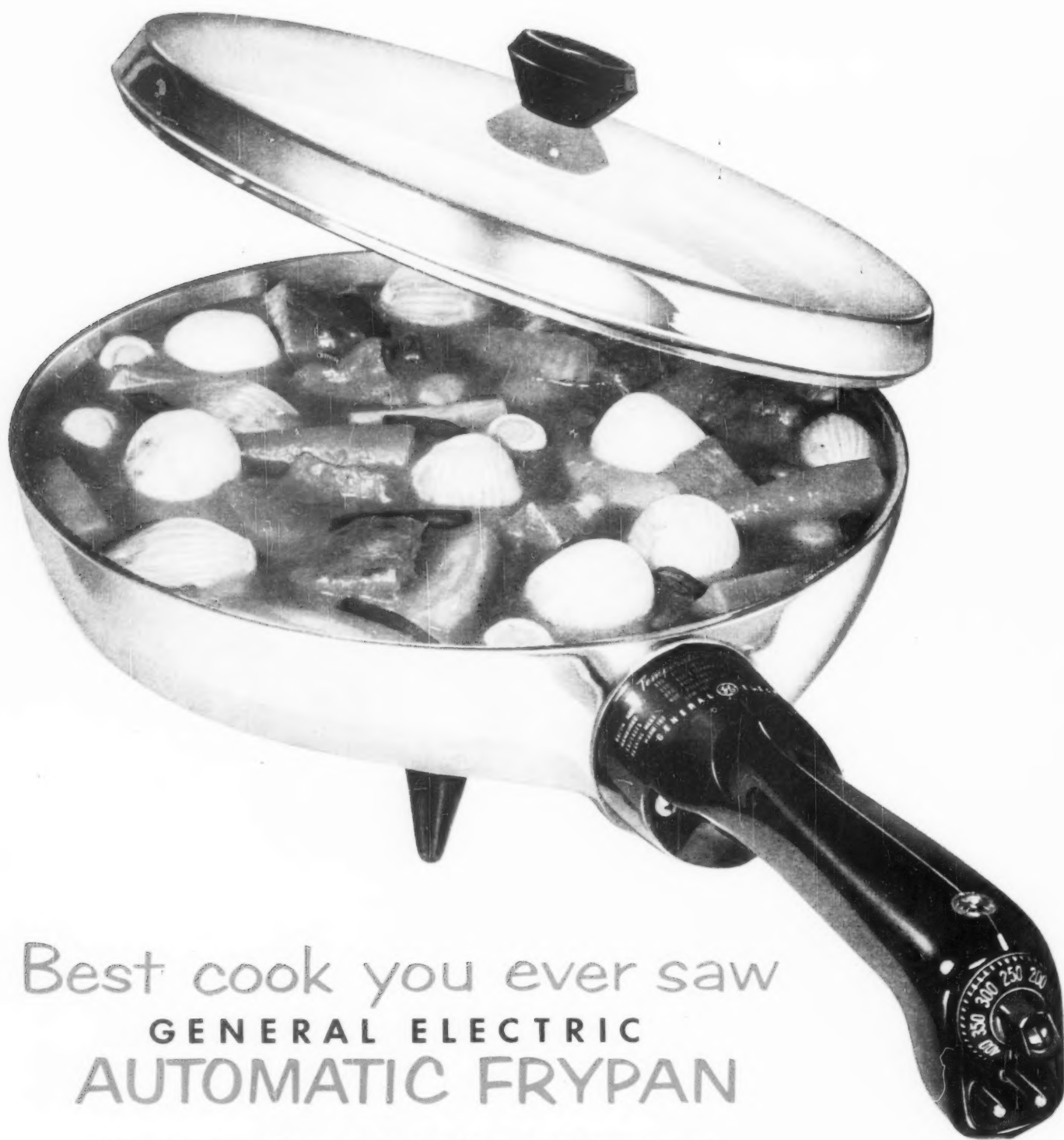
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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, FEBRUARY 16, 1957



# CRISIS/1957

Since man began recording and reflecting on his own history, he has entered on perhaps a dozen climbs and descents so steep and so unknown to his earlier experience that he has had to invent new names for them. He calls them ages or eras, never knowing for certain when they have arrived or what their consequences will be. Each has needed its own more particular label—Christian, Moslem or Buddhist; Renaissance or Reform; Roman, Greek or British; Industrial or Atomic. None has had exact boundaries, yet each has brought some lasting change in the pursuits and preoccupations of the human race and the terms on which it seeks to live with itself.

It is altogether probable that the world of 1957 is already embarked on another period of change too huge and far-reaching to be described by the yardsticks of calendar time. Its immediate events, which really began in October 1956, have been towering and ominous enough in themselves; even more significant have been the shifts in human dreams, loyalties and standards.

Millions have found new faiths and anchors; millions more are losing old ones. As a consequence, within the last few months alone, the

world and its strongest components have set forth on and pursued and retreated from many new directions. Without exception each of its strongest political and military institutions—UN, Western alliance, NATO, Commonwealth; even and most notably the bloodstained, steel-bound Soviet Empire—has seemed in considerable danger of falling apart. So have some of the chief concepts on which they all were founded. Russia retreated a few cautious steps from ruthless statism at home and relentless suppression abroad before returning to the starkly simple methods of Stalin. The United Kingdom and France, goaded by one of the numerous Little Caesars who appeared in the Middle East, embarked on and then hastily withdrew from a dangerous adventure in defensive aggression. The United States did little at first but preach sermons.

What all this portends may not be known for decades or centuries. In this special issue Maclean's has asked five of the most distinguished Canadian reporters and commentators to discuss some of the meanings for today. And in a separate section we offer a particular salute to the first heroes of the new age, the Hungarians.

An entire issue examining the hopes, fears and the vast human changes of a new era



### Hugh MacLennan: The new nationalism and how it might have looked to Shakespeare

If corpses didn't rot, if the wounded didn't bleed and cry, if hearts had not been broken and human hopes destroyed, the international crisis of last fall would have been as entertaining as a play. And the play, depending on the direction of your sympathy at the moment, could have been viewed as tragedy or comedy. If your nerves were strung tight enough, it could even have evoked the kind of hysterical laughter that sweeps an audience when Hamlet and Macbeth are played by amateurs.

Last fall the characters in the roster were nations, and the forces that made them behave as they did were their respective national characters. It also happened that these national characters were embodied in the persons of individuals in power, and in the light of events some of them were almost too good to be true.

On the one hand were Messrs. Khrushchev

and Bulganin, a pair of nature's clowns, but terrible clowns in the Russian fashion: vodka-swilling, gross, crafty, formidable. Here was the kind of Russian we knew well from the Russian novelists, men who may be princes or peasants, shifting easily from sentimental tears to bestial violence, their pig's eyes glittering with delight when somebody suggests, as somebody always does suggest in Russia, that "the time has come to take Peter the Great's cudgel out of the museum and break a few ribs in the good old Russian style." For nearly a year this ineffable pair, drung and begarlanded, had been parading through the countries that would have them, alternating threats of violence with promises of love. Tears gushed down their fat cheeks when they recounted the horrors of Stalin and their voices throbbed when they promised peace.

Because most people have an instinct, per-

haps foolish, to cling to life, the temptation to believe that Khrushchev and Bulganin meant at least a portion of what they said had been overwhelming. Toward last summer's end the world looked brighter than it had in a generation.

But one morning last fall the curtain rose on another act, and we saw the comedy turn suddenly into a *Grand Guignol* that shook us in our sheltered boxes. We sat and watched the horrors in Hungary, where the very meaning of Communism was being destroyed in the eyes of millions of true believers. We recorded the thought that this would have been a spectacle delightful for us to contemplate had it not been that corpses rot, that the wounded bleed and cry, and that the youth of a people was being extinguished.

Then, suddenly, there were two plays going on simultaneously, and **continued on page 49**



### Blair Fraser: Is our case in the East hopeless?...Four important lessons for the West

#### DAMASCUS

After six weeks of wandering in the Middle East, the area where tension is highest between men whose skins are white and men whose skins are varying shades of brown, fragments of disconnected conversations stand out in a traveler's mind.

One such is a remark by Abdullah Rimawy, foreign minister in the new nationalist government that now rules Jordan:

"You Westerners will never understand us until you realize there is no Jordanian nationalism. There is no Jordanian nationality. There is a *state* of Jordan, imposed on us by the great powers who cut up our country for their own ends, but we have only one nationalism and only one nation—the Arab."

Two other bits are from talks with Syrian spokesmen in Damascus. I asked Dr. Tarazi, director-general of the Syrian Foreign Office, about Syria's relations with the Soviet Union; his first words in reply were: "We are a free

nation now, and make friends with whom we please."

Colonel Abdel Hamid Serraj, director of military intelligence and said to be the "strong man" of Syria, answered a similar question thus: "Why do you always ask about Russian technicians and advisers in our country? Why don't you ask how many *British* technicians and advisers are in Iraq?"

Clearest of all in the memory is a talk with Dr. Abdul Rahman Jalili, an executive member of the Iraq Development Board.

Iraq's present government is the one still steadfast ally of the West in the Arab world. Iraq is also the one Arab country that is investing its oil revenue sanely and systematically in irrigation, flood control, hydro-electric power and new industries.

Westerners tend to assume that these projects, as they mature, will bind Iraq ever more firmly to the Western camp. But Jalili, who

spends his days nursing the development schemes like a doting mother, said, "Why should they make us feel any more friendly toward the West? We are simply investing the money we are now getting, at last, for our oil. At last we are getting something like what it is worth. We got last year about forty-three shillings (six dollars) for every ton of oil produced. Do you know what the oil companies used to pay us? Just four shillings (fifty-six cents)."

"Even now they are still exploiting us. They admit their profits last year were two hundred and ten million dollars—I myself believe the profits were higher, but that much they admit. Do you know what their investment is in Iraq? Only six hundred millions. The profit rate is thirty-five percent."

When I asked a British official if there was another side to this story, he said, "I don't defend the oil company—**continued on page 64**

## TAKE A LONG, HARD LOOK AT FOUR VARYING ASPECTS OF THE WORLD CRISIS



Lionel Shapiro: The Western Alliance has vanished. What can the West do to restore it?

PARIS

Dusk came early to Paris on that dour, chill winter afternoon. Through the great windows of the main conference room in the Palais de Chaillot the Eiffel Tower was scarcely visible although its massive base stood a scant hundred yards across the palace courtyard. Inside the room the atmosphere was exceedingly cheerful. The foreign ministers of the NATO powers were winding up the last session of what seemed to be a successful four-day conference. The business at hand was easy—the approval of the final communiqué—and the diplomats vied with one another in making witty remarks about semantics or the substitution of a semicolon for a comma. There was genuine optimism that the conference had served at least one supremely useful purpose: it had brought around the same table, for the first time since the Suez affair, America's Dulles, Britain's Lloyd and France's Pineau. The atmosphere

brimmed with bright auguries. Not only had Mr. Dulles made a touching and charming farewell speech, but he had also scheduled a full evening of intimate chats with his principal allies, to be culminated by a private dinner with Selwyn Lloyd, among others.

Then, quite unexpectedly, Mr. Dulles said something that brought the night chill right into the room, nipping at the ears of the assembled foreign ministers.

In his distinctive manner of speaking, which derives in equal parts from the cracker barrel and the pulpit, he announced that he was boarding his plane immediately. He asked the various ministers with whom he had made engagements (including Britain's extremely mortified foreign secretary) to pardon his abrupt departure but, he explained, Mr. Nehru was about to visit Washington and he felt that, due to the importance of the Indian prime minister's

trip to Washington, he should be back at the capital as quickly as possible. With that he departed.

To the outside observer this might appear a mild discourtesy, an unimportant gaffe. After all, Mr. Dulles had spent six days with his North Atlantic colleagues; if he had shortened his stay by twelve hours, did it matter so much?

But one had to be in the Palais de Chaillot to appreciate the sense of shock that gripped the foreign ministers. A wave of indignation soon moved out of the closed meeting into the corridors and indeed into the embassies of Paris, not excluding that of the United States.

The delegates were (or thought they were) America's partners in a life-and-death struggle, their national wealth and destinies linked in a common resistance to Soviet expansion; they had just been through a nervous conference in which great efforts

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Lister Sinclair: The Commonwealth is crumbling. Can we find a way to rebuild it?

International affairs are sometimes haunted by a strange specter. It walks the battlements in armor; it speaks with an English accent; and it is surmounted by a crown. It is the British Commonwealth of Nations. Some think it is the ghost of the old British Empire, haunting the places where its glory and dominion died. Others think it is a spirit from the future; an intimation that one day men may outgrow aggressive nationalism, and learn to live and work together.

Both views are right. The Commonwealth, for good and evil, carries the marks of its past. Its members were once the colonial possessions of Great Britain and got their independence with more or less trouble. Some of them are not yet ten years old and easily remember what they went through to get this independence. But the memories are not all bitter. They also remember the Mother country that shaped their institutions, and sometimes gave them many of

their people. Either way, the Commonwealth stands before us with the marks of history on it.

The Commonwealth also has a future. Whether it is to be long and honorable or short and sordid depends on what the members want to make of it. Can the Commonwealth go on as it is? Should it be scrapped? Or can it grow into a unique and valuable association, perhaps even a pattern for the world, a nucleus around which can gather peaceful, happy and truly united nations?

At present the Commonwealth consists of eight countries: besides the United Kingdom, there are Canada; Australia and New Zealand; Pakistan, India and Ceylon; and the Union of South Africa. Very soon there may be more African members: Nigeria, perhaps, or the Gold Coast, or the Rhodesian Federation.

We often pretend these eight are all alike in purpose if not in personality. Certainly they

all regard the Crown as the symbol of the Commonwealth, but they have little else in common, apart from their origin. For instance, the Commonwealth is supposed to be a system of democratic constitutional monarchies, but India is a republic, and South Africa builds a brutal dictatorship on a basis of racial hatred. Whatever the Commonwealth is, it is not eight minds with but a single thought. The last few months have shown plainly that we are not dealing with a mere chorus of obedient echoes.

But some people wish we were. Some people are upset that Commonwealth countries sometimes show their independence by disagreeing with each other, and particularly with Britain. Many Canadians were very angry with their government for not backing up Britain in the Suez crisis. They were even angrier with the Asian members for their direct opposition. I know of one person who said that if Britain were wrong, that was

continued on page 38



CRISIS / 1957

# The challenge of SOVIET education

The Soviet system is now turning out engineers, scientists, teachers, craftsmen, economists and farm experts faster than Western education can. How is it done? Here's an expert's report on a little-understood aspect of the world crisis



By  
Dr. GEORGE  
S. COUNTS



These Soviet children spend six days a week at school and can be flunked for less-than-perfect conduct.

## Russia goes back

IN 1943, faced with a wave of "hooliganism," as the Soviet press described it, Russian educators set up a series of twenty "Rules for Schoolchildren." They are still followed and teachers are told they must be obeyed by every pupil.

These rules represent a startling departure from earlier educational practices in Russia, in which the student was encouraged to assume responsibility for running the school, correcting his parents, even helping manage community affairs. The spare-the-rod-spoil-the-child strictness, implicit here, is reminiscent of the little red schoolhouse of North America's pioneer days. The "pupil's card" mentioned in rule 19 is an effective device to strengthen supervision of the younger generation. Together with the school uniform it helps serve as an introduction to Soviet adult society in which personal identification papers are an integral part.

**W**ithin the past few months people in the Western world have been made aware by a single sanguinary political episode of two unique—and contradictory—products of Soviet education. One is the ordinary Russian soldier. The other is the extraordinary young Hungarian revolutionist. The episode was the revolt of the Hungarian people against their Communist leaders and the intervention of Russian divisions to put down the revolt in a country the Russians have come to regard as their own.

On the one hand young Russian soldiers, many in their teens, callously, ruthlessly, mercilessly and efficiently shot down in the streets women and children taking no part in the quarrel and killed in their classrooms children who could not possibly understand it.

On the other hand Hungarian youths, many mere boys of twelve and fourteen, ill-fitted and ill-equipped, fought back, killed and, apparently without counting cost, died in a hopeless struggle against hopeless odds.

The fighters on both sides are products of Soviet education—a system instituted and carried out in both countries by the Communist Party from an inflexible pattern laid down by the Party's highest rulers in the Soviet Union. Does this system explain the deeds of heroism and barbarism committed in the streets of Budapest, where youths boldly slaughtered and were slaughtered, without apparent remorse or fear.

In the accompanying article, George S. Counts, professor emeritus of education at Columbia Uni-

versity, a widely respected teacher and writer, says it does. From half a lifetime of study of Soviet education, both inside and outside Russia, he examines the working of that system, its goals and its results, and its warning to the people of the West.

Whatever we may think about its moral and cultural features, or about the regimentation or exploitation of children, the Soviet education system *is* working, in pragmatic Russian terms. It is turning out craftsmen, engineers, scientists, teachers, economists, agricultural experts and leaders, and it is turning them out faster, and perhaps better, than Western education is doing. Especially in science, where Russia has come from the wooden plough to the latest atomic developments in a generation, the challenge of Soviet education is there for the world to see.

**T**he education of the younger generation must be a matter of deep concern to any movement that aspires to possess the future. The young are already formed, and to change them is difficult, if not impossible. A. V. Lunacharsky, the first Commissar of Education of the Russian Republic after the Revolution, liked to emphasize this point. Paraphrasing and expanding an old Russian proverb, he put the case in these words: "We can mold a child of 5-6 years into anything we wish; at the age of 8-9 we have to bend him; at the age of 16-17 we must break him; and thereafter, one may well

say, 'only the grave can correct a hunchback.'"

But while the Bolsheviks may have shared these sentiments, they refused to march down the road suggested by Tkachev in one of his wilder moments and proceed to exterminate all persons of both sexes over twenty-five years of age. In fact, they directed enormous energies and resources to the education and the re-education of the older generation. This must be said, even though they did not hesitate to employ the most extreme measures of coercion against great numbers, even up to and including physical liquidation.

At the same time, steps were taken to weaken the hold of parents on children and youth. Deep in Marxian ideology is the doctrine that the family is a "bourgeois" institution, conservative and even reactionary in its influence. In the early years of Soviet power and down to the middle Thirties, marriage was merely a matter of registration at the matrimonial bureau. A marriage contract could be dissolved by either party through a simple declaration before the bureau, and the divorced person might be notified of the fact by postcard. This weakening of the marriage bond undoubtedly lent support to the theory that children should be regarded as wards of the state and educated from the earliest years in nurseries, crèches and kindergartens. In the summer of 1929 the author approached a group of twelve-year-old children playing on a street in Moscow and put to them the question: "Should **continued on page 28**

## back to little red schoolhouse discipline

### IT IS THE DUTY OF EVERY SCHOOLCHILD:

1. To strive with tenacity and perseverance to master knowledge, in order to become an educated and cultured citizen and to serve most fully the Soviet Motherland.
2. To be diligent in study and punctual in attendance, never being late to classes.
3. To obey without question the orders of school director and teachers.
4. To bring to school all necessary books and writing materials, to have everything ready before the arrival of the teacher.
5. To appear at school washed, combed, and neatly dressed.
6. To keep his desk in the classroom clean and orderly.
7. To enter the classroom and take his seat immediately after the ringing of the bell, to enter or leave the classroom during the lesson period only with the permission of the teacher.
8. To sit erect during the lesson period, not lean-

ing on the elbows or slouching in the seat; to attend closely to the explanations of the teacher and the responses of the pupils, not talking or engaging in mischief.

9. To rise as the teacher or the director enters or leaves the classroom.
10. To rise and stand erect while reciting; to sit down only on permission of the teacher; to raise the hand when desiring to answer or ask a question.
11. To make accurate notes of the teacher's assignment for the next lesson, to show these notes to parents, and to do all homework without assistance.
12. To be respectful to the school director and the teachers, to greet them on the street with a polite bow, boys removing their hats.
13. To be polite to his elders, to conduct himself modestly and properly in school, on the street, and in public places.
14. To abstain from using bad language, from smoking and gambling.

15. To take good care of school property, to guard well his own possessions and those of his comrades.

16. To be courteous and considerate toward little children, toward the aged, the weak, and the sick, to give them the seat on the trolley or the right of way on the street, to help them in every way.
17. To obey his parents and assist in the care of little brothers and sisters.
18. To maintain cleanliness in the home by keeping his own clothes, shoes, and bed in order.
19. To carry always his pupil's card, guarding it carefully, not passing it to other children, but presenting it on request of the director or the teacher of the school.
20. To prize the honor of his school and his class as his very own.

For violation of these rules the pupil is subject to punishment, even to expulsion from school. ★

In a unique migration this Hungarian forestry school is moving to B.C. This photo was taken for Maclean's as the faculty and students gathered near Salzburg in Austria.





CRISIS / 1957

A special Maclean's album:  
**THE HUNGARIANS:**  
What they mean to Canada

These newest new Canadians will  
change the fabric of the country.  
Beginning here, a look at the kind  
of people they are: the pictures  
they paint, the stories they tell,  
their traditions and character . . . . .

CRISIS / 1957

## THE HUNGARIANS

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

**T**he tragic events in Hungary will make Canada host to an eventual twenty-five thousand Hungarians. Ten thousand are already here and by spring we will be adopting at least 250 more Hungarian refugees a day.

This influx of freedom-loving newcomers has prompted many Canadians to wonder what kind of citizens they will become.

It's an urgent question.

Canada's postwar Hungarian population is being doubled and, in spite of their modest number, these lively immigrants will have an extraordinary impact on Canada's future. More than half the incoming Hungarians plan to live in Toronto, where already one out of five citizens is a new Canadian. Others are settling in Montreal, Winnipeg, Hamilton, Welland, Windsor, Brantford, Regina, Lethbridge, Calgary, Regina, Vancouver and in a dozen smaller communities.

Nearly everyone wants to help the Hungarians, but few human migrations have been handicapped by so much misunderstanding. A prime reason for the mixup is that Hungary has been under Russian control for almost a decade. While the cruel memories of Red tyranny will only help to emphasize the immigrants' appreciation of Canada's freedoms, some Canadians seem uncertain about how to treat the Hungarians. Royal Canadian Mounted Police officers, for instance, have been asked by wives of defense-industry employees whether their husbands' security clearance will be endangered if they contribute to Hungarian relief funds or adopt a refugee.

The Hungarians *are* different.

The Hungarian refugees cannot be compared with any of the other European immigrant groups that have arrived here since the war. By origin, they are not Europeans at all, but the descendants of a wild Asiatic tribe that invaded the Danube River basin in the ninth century.

The knowledge that he is capable of every sacrifice in the cause of his ideals has given the Hungarian a conscious dignity of character—an unobtrusive pride in his own strength. He believes, above everything else, that the vigorous independence of his country is inseparable from individual freedom. Sociologists who have studied Hungary say that the Hungarian's fantastic courage

text and pictures continue overleaf

Photo by Annette and Basil Zarov



Hungarian beauties





The warmth, grace and glamour of Hungarian women and richness of Hungarian talent are glowingly evident in this photo of Montreal beauties in setting of native art and crafts. From left: schoolgirl Irene Boliska (seated) and typist Rosalie Szata (standing), both born in Canada of Hungarian parents; Mrs. Lillian Hoffmann, beautiful young matron who came from Budapest five

years ago; Eva von Gecsy, famous as a ballerina in Winnipeg and Montreal; Mrs. Rose Rothman, a designer from Budapest who hopes to bring her brother and his family from there too; Mrs. Suzanne Gayne, a former actress who translated our story on page 24. In this setting, tulip motif, tapestry, rich Herend pottery and the girls' costumes are all distinctively Hungarian.





FEATHER FOR A HUNGARIAN HAT

Rich painted-enamel aigrette was worn by nobles in 17th century like a weather cock. Vane whirled gaily at the twist of a head.

## Despite Hungary's tragic history its art glows with gaiety, grace and color

in the face of impossible odds is not due to any love of fighting, but simply an instinctive hatred of oppression in all its forms.

"We love freedom so much," says George Nagy, general secretary of the Canadian Hungarian Federation, which represents most of the Hungarians in Canada, "because we have had so little of it." The dominating strain in the formation of the Hungarian national character is the result of a tragic, gory history.

During the fifteenth century, Hungary and the British Isles had equal populations of four million. In spite of heavy emigration Britain now has more than fifty million citizens, but there are only nine million Hungarians. The difference is due to the human butchery of Hungary's nearly continuous invasions, and revolutions. Hungarian history books are filled with scenes of flesh-eating vultures, hopping around the country's many battlefields, too fat to fly away.

Hungarian historians quarrel about the exact number of times foreign troops have marched into their country, but so

far they haven't named any eastern European nation except Poland or any west Asian tribe that didn't have at least one crack at Hungary. When there were no raiders to beat off, the Hungarians stayed in fighting trim by invading their neighbors—including Poland. During the last half of the fourteenth century, under Louis the Great, Hungary ruled most of Europe between the Baltic, Adriatic and Black seas. Now the country is not quite twice the size of Nova Scotia.

When not invading or being invaded, the Hungarians have frequently bled under the evened oppression of their own rulers. After the landlords caught Gyorgy Dozsa, who had led an unsuccessful peasant revolt in 1514, they chained him to a red-hot iron throne, then made his followers eat his fried remains. In 1906 a group of Hungarian aristocrats suggested replacing the unruly peasants with a hundred thousand Chinese coolies, but the plan was dropped because traveling costs were too high.

Hungary's harsh history has caused some Canadians to wonder whether the influx of so many Hungarians could instill

text and pictures continue overleaf



CHINA FOR A HUNGARIAN QUEEN

In the 18th century royal potters at Holitch produced superb pieces like these made for the Empress Maria Theresa, queen of Hungary.



**FASHIONS FOR A HUNGARIAN BRIDE**

The ritual of centuries colors all peasant life. Some village girls wear bridal gowns to mass for the next six years as in painting by Anna Lesznai.



**BROOCH FOR A HUNGARIAN WOMAN**

Beautifully fashioned, jeweled clasps were used by 17th-century women to fasten cloaks. The rare treasures shown here are in U.S. art collections.



**GHOSTLY BEAUTY**

Impressionistic portrait by Joseph Rippl-Ronay, leading Hungarian modernist, reveals French teaching.



**LORDLY COMPOSER**

Plaque by Beni Ferenczy was only work for which late Bela Bartok posed.

**TORTURED GIANT**

This study became the main figure in a monumental work, *The Charpie-Makers*, which helped establish Mihaly Munkacsy as Hungary's outstanding painter.

Hungarian painting shows many influences but retains its own haunting quality







**A SCENE IN BUDAPEST**

This quiet study of the city and Danube by Janos Vaszary is in sharp contrast with the history of tumult and frequent tragedy.

a lawless element into Canadian politics. The facts belie such ideas. Since World War II more than twelve thousand Hungarians have arrived in Canada. Crime statistics of every province show they have been among the best behaved of Canada's immigrant groups. In 1954, the last year for which complete national records are available, Hungarian-Canadians committed only .32 percent of Canada's 30,848 indictable offenses, although they made up .40 percent of the population.

The Hungarians act glad to be alive and glad to be themselves. They enjoy a lot of good food and that, of course, means a lot of good wine. But they seldom get drunk, because food always accompanies drinking. Hungarian women don't make a secret of their femininity. They don't like the confinement of brassieres and rarely wear them.

The Hungarian's natural gravity is softened by an amazingly adaptable sense of humor. While they were being beaten and tortured by the AVO (Hungary's Communist secret police) some prisoners said that the difference between the green and blue uniforms worn by their guards was that the green AVO beat you till you turned green, while the blue-coated AVO beat you until you were blue.

Hungarians have a double communications problem. Hungarian is a Finno-Ugric language distantly related to Mongolian. It's so dissimilar to all the other central European tongues, that the Hungarians aren't even understood by most of their fellow new Canadians. Gesturing hands and patient smile are often their only means of expression. The resultant isolation has tended to herd the Hungarian refugees into tight ethnic islands around their countrymen already settled here. Most of the newcomers have relatives in Canada and under Hungary's traditionally strong family system it's the duty of a relative, no matter how far removed, to look after his kin. Before the 1956 revolt Hungarians here were shipping forty thousand food parcels a month to Hungary.

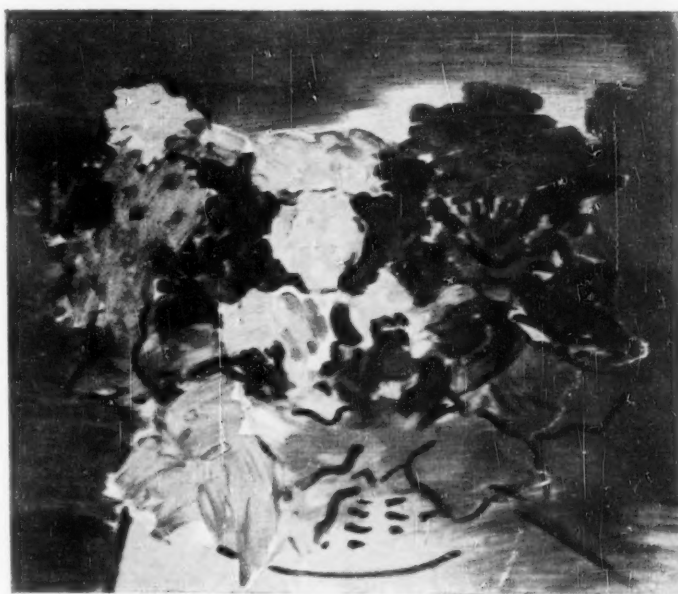
The full Canadianization of the newcomers will take time. "At the time of their arrival," says John Kosa, a Hungarian-born professor who has studied the histories of 112 Hungarian immigrants to Canada, "the Hungarians are prone to disapprove of everything that differs from the old-country pattern. With success accompanying their efforts, however, they begin to approve of and adopt many Canadian traits. Canada ceases to be the country of strange customs; she becomes a home for life—the country which can give them a fair chance for success."

In the 1951 census sixty thousand Canadians cited Hungary as their country of origin, but only forty-two thousand said their mother tongue was Hungarian—one third had been completely assimilated. "We can," explained a grinning young ex-revolutionary when he arrived in **continued on page 53**



**A SCENE AT THE CIRCUS**

The fun, color and gaiety of Budapest is expressed in Vaszary's Circus Riders.



**A STUDY IN FLOWERS**

Vaszary's work, like much modern Hungarian painting, shows French influence.

album continues overleaf

# These little-known fables reflect

Written 150 years ago by a Hungarian Aesop, they

BY ANDREAS FAY; NEWLY ILLUSTRATED BY HIS COUNTRYMAN GEORGE FEYER



A monument to friendship

Once upon a time there was an eastern potentate who deemed himself happy in the possession of two friends. So greatly did he prize his happiness that he was about to raise a monument to Friendship when hostile forces broke into his realm and, having ravaged the land to their hearts' content, carried him off in chains. The king did not lose courage, for he was sustained in his captivity by his faith in the sacred ties of friendship.

"My friends are alive and they will rescue me," he told himself, and waited in all patience for the hour of his deliverance.

But what did his friends do meanwhile? Did they collect an army to deliver their king? Did they offer up their treasures for his ransom? Did they lay their services at the feet of the sorrowing young queen? Alas, they did none of these things. One of them, whom the king had raised to high office, possessed himself of all his remaining treasure; the other, a youth of handsome presence, stole the love of his queen.

Long afterward the king escaped from captivity and returned to his throne. And he set up, as he had intended, the monument to Friendship. What, you will ask, was the monument made of? You could never guess, so I will whisper it to you. It was made of salt! For salt, he said, is firm and shining when the weather is fine, but turns dull and dank at the least threat of rain.



Zephyr and the North Wind

Zephyr, in tender dalliance with a rosebud, bent back its scented petals one by one. "How sweet and enjoyable must be my brother Zephyr's game with the Queen of Flowers," rumbled the North Wind to himself. "Why shouldn't I experience an equal pleasure? What felicity to know oneself the cause of a tender rosebud's awakening!"

And he swept up to a laden rosebush and began to lavish his caresses on the youngest and sweetest bud. But it paled and shriveled under his touch and soon had pined away.

I never see a young girl by the side of an aged satyr of a husband but I must think of the north wind and a budding rose.



Dissension

The White Cock and the Red Cock were sworn enemies and they split the entire farmyard into two factions. There were fights over every grain of corn and every shady nook; high words, sneering innuendo, slanderous aspersions and hot altercations were the order of the day. The stork looked on in wonder from his high perch on the barn roof.

"My friend," he said to the duck, "will you tell me what is the subject of your quarrel? Have you, perhaps, different notions as to the best way of averting for ever all danger from weasel, hawk or fox?"

"Oh, no," answered the duck, "it is a much more important question which divides us, namely, the question of which can crow loudest, the Red Cock or the White."

"You fools," said the stork, "I'll tell you what. There's a week-old owl in an owl's nest not far off. Go and lay the matter before him; it will not take him a minute to decide the matter for you."



# the heart of Hungary

bespeak the gentle wisdom, wry humor and hard realism of an embattled people



The Hymeneal bargain

There was once a Greek youth who made fervent prayer to Hymen to give him a young, beautiful and wealthy wife.

"And what," asked Hymen, "have you yourself to offer in exchange for all these gifts?"

"A loving heart," answered the youth.

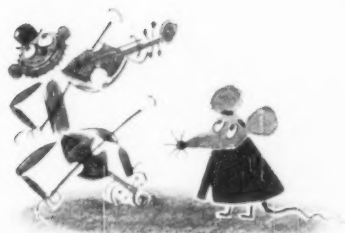
"Are you not somewhat unfair," asked Hymen, "to set so high a value on what you do not deem worth seeking in your mate?"

"Let me but have a wife possessing the three qualities I mentioned," replied the youth, "and I shall do very well without a loving heart."

"For my part," said Hymen, "I am willing to give you what you desire. But I rather fear the vengeance of that naughty boy, young Cupid, if we leave him out of the transaction, for he has more than once before this confounded my nuptial arrangements. I will tell you what you can do. Promise to give him, by way of expiation, a few drops of your blood every day, and I will give you the young, beautiful and wealthy wife you desire."

A few drops of blood? Why, who could grudge them in return for a wife of such excellent qualities! thought the youth in his lusty pride; and he concluded the bargain and carried home the woman his prayers had gained for him. But soon he began to grow wan and pale, and then he began to wither, until, wasted to a mere shadow, he sank into an early grave.

Unhappy youth, what have you done? From that day on to this, Cupid has taken the life blood, drop by drop, of all who have married without his aid, choosing their wives for their beauty, youth and wealth alone.



Enjoyment

"How can you chirp so merrily, you frivolous creature?" said the mouse to the cricket as they met at the edge of the stubble field. "The summer is nearing its end: doesn't it occur to you that any day now the cold and dreary winter may be upon you?"

"I'm glad you reminded me," answered the cricket. "I'll have to be twice as merry so as to be sure that I'm using every minute. Shall I let my spirits be darkened by cowardly doubts and the trembling fear of what the morrow may bring? Shall I let anxiety deprive me of my dearest pleasures? No, a thousand times no! Those pleasures shall not slip unenjoyed into the everlasting void. I shall revel in them doubly in the knowledge of the doubtful future, whether it takes them from me for ever or restores them to me some day."



Pygmalion

Pygmalion was on his knees before his adored statue, invoking it with all the passion of his frenzied love. In vain! The beautiful marble remained insensible to his entreaties.

"Try flattering her instead of pleading," advised a passing friend.

Pygmalion took the advice and poured forth a torrent of praise of his mistress' charms; he praised her slender eyebrows, her finely chiseled nose, her flashing eyes, her lovely figure and small round breasts. And, lo, the statue warmed to life, became tender woman and looked down with heavenly kindness on her kneeling slave. But—the first breath she drew was a sigh.

"Rise, Pygmalion," she said. "I know very well that you men are only our slaves so long as we lend a deaf ear to your solicitations. What are the flatteries you have lavished upon me but praise of your own handiwork? It is yourself that you love in me, and your own will that you impose on my weakness when you place me on a pedestal above you."





AFTER ESCAPE father (right) and son cross the Hungarian border.

### "It happened to us"

This is another of the new series of personal-experience stories that will appear from time to time in Maclean's . . . stories told by its readers about some interesting dramatic event in their lives.

**HAVE YOU SUCH A STORY?** If so, send it to the articles editor, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. For stories accepted Maclean's will pay the regular rates it offers for articles.

## How the crisis saved our family

**BY STEVE SZEMETI** as told to David MacDonald

**My son was trapped in Hungary.**

**I was in Toronto — a pastry cook with only \$600.**

**The odds against getting him out were a million to one.**

**But the chance would never come again . . .**



**M**y home used to be in Budapest, in Hungary, but for almost two years now I have lived and worked as a pastry cook in Toronto. Last fall, during the Hungarian uprising, I left my new home and my job and my wife and went back to that troubled land.

The reason was simple: my fifteen-year-old son Istvan, or Steve, was still there and I wanted him to be free.

For more than ten years I had not seen the boy. In 1946, after my first wife died, I left him with her parents and set out to find a new home for us both. My search took me to Germany and then to England where, in 1951, I married another Hungarian DP, my second wife, Catherine. We came to Canada—to Toronto—in 1955. Here I work as a pastry cook, my wife as a waitress.

In the five years since we married, Catherine



UNITED WITH FAMILY, Steve Szemeti (centre) is making a new life in Canada. Revolt in Hungary gave him a one-in-a-million chance to join father and stepmother.

and I had tried every way we knew to get Steve Jr. out of Hungary. Always the Communists refused to let him go.

But for a week or so last October, during the rebellion, the Reds lost control of our homeland. It was then that I took all of our savings—\$600—and flew back there to get my son. I left Toronto on Nov. 4 — “Black Sunday” — the day Soviet tanks returned to Budapest to crush the revolt. I was not certain where young Steve would be, if he was still alive, or how to get by the Russians and the secret police. Some Hungarian friends in Toronto called my idea *öngyilkosság*—suicide.

The story began with another November, in 1945. As a private in the Hungarian army, I had been wounded in both legs by a Russian machine gun. After a year in a German hospital, with no

letters from home, I returned to the little village of Agyagos, where my wife Elizabeth had taken our son from Budapest to wait out the war at her parents’ farmhouse.

I was met at the door by my mother-in-law. When she saw me she began to weep. Then her husband appeared in the doorway. “Steve,” he said, “Elizabeth is dead.”

I felt as though my life had ended too. It took a few minutes to grasp the truth. Earlier that year, with the war nearly over, my wife had gone back alone to Budapest to prepare a home for me. There she died in a typhus epidemic. She was twenty-two. All I had of her now was our son, Istvan, with the dark eyes and wavy hair of his mother. He was four years old. He did not yet know why Elizabeth did not come back and I had to tell him.

After three days I left the boy with his grandparents and went to Budapest to see about the rest of my family. My mother was still alive, but two of my brothers had died by Russian guns. The third came home on crutches, with no feet.

What can the living do in such times? Two things. They can pine away over the broken bits of their lives, or they can summon all the strength left to them and begin again. In my own case, with a child to care for, I had to put the pieces together again.

But how? Well, first, a job. Before the war I had been a pastry cook—and a good one, I think. Alas, starving Hungary had little need of pastries. So for three months, like a hundred thousand others, I roamed the streets of Budapest seeking work. Only one job came my way. I was told there were places on the **continued on page 42**

# Our daily bread

From the literary school that spawned Hungary's

October revolution comes this moving story published here in English for the first time

BY FERENC MORA

Illustrated for Maclean's by his countryman George Iro  
and newly translated and adapted by Suzanne Lengv ry Gayne

Ferenc Mora was a Hungarian folk writer who, until his death twenty-three years ago, was the leader and inspiration for a school of writers who brought to the notice of the world the misery of their country's village life. His prot g  and literary heir, Peter Veres, who became president of the Hungarian Writers' Union, went further in a literary crusade for reform that ultimately erupted in the October revolution.

Mora was also the director of the Szeged Museum, where he became an outstanding authority on Hungarian village folklore. From his knowledge of village life he created a folk literature that expressed the character and spirit of the country itself. This vivid and earthy story shows how he did it.

I was then five—and I could stand on my head, except in public. This time, however, I was being observed by an eye peering through a small hole in the fence. The eye belonged to Joska Zsibrita, a gentleman of my own age, whom I envied deeply. For Joska had the distinction of wearing a straw hat in the winter, and a huge fur cap in the summer. This, of course, did not mean that Joska was defying fashion; it was simply that his father wore the straw hat in the summer, and the fur cap in the winter. Anyway, Joska let me know he was watching me.

At that precise instant I was standing on my head, and the next moment I was lying on the ground. I said nothing to Joska and, after brushing the dirt off my clothes, I went indoors. Luckily, my mother was absorbed in her prayer book. I sat on the bench next to her, put my head in her lap, and watched her lips move:

"Be joyous, for your rewards in Heaven will be rich . . ."

The prayer made me sleepy. When I woke up, we were still close together. A fresh snow outside produced a glow so bright I could see my mother's face in the dark. She was praying without her book . . .

"And give us our daily bread . . ."

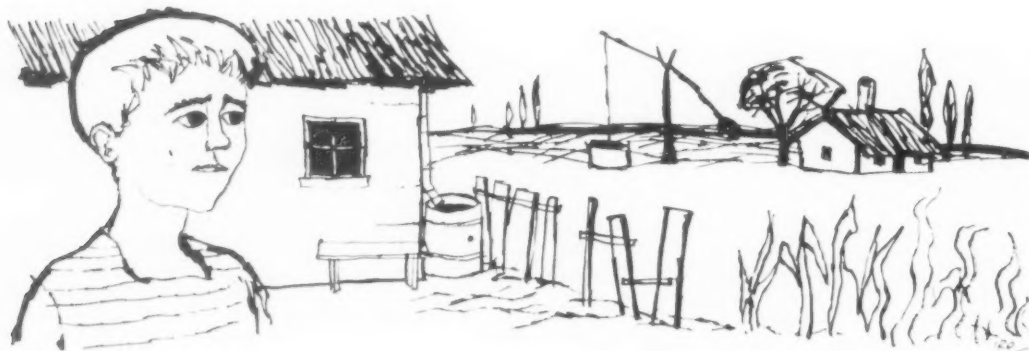
"Mother," I said, "what shall we have for dinner?"

Unhurriedly, she finished her prayer, crossed herself, and kissed the cross on the book. Only then did she answer: "Tonight we'll have a three-course meal—bread, crust and crumbs."

"I'd rather have our usual two-course dinner," I said, "just bread with a little bacon on it."

My mother laid half a loaf of bread on the table and said, "Oh, my child, our bacon has gone to pay the taxes."

I was then very young, and I did not yet know that taxes are the State's foundation, and that our little pig had carried out its duty to help maintain the State. But I did have **continued on page 36**





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## Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



From drab royal pretender, Bergman becomes a glamorous mystery woman.

### BEST BET

**Anastasia:** Ingrid Bergman's first "Hollywood" picture in seven years was actually filmed in Europe under Hollywood auspices, but it should speed her triumphal return to the American movie capital. The Swedish actress gives an Oscar-worthy performance in the role of a mystery woman who may or may not be the surviving daughter of the slaughtered Czar of Russia, and her transformation from drabness to splendor is exciting to behold. The film's ambiguous ending is mildly disconcerting but its merits are impressive. The excellent cast includes Helen Hayes as a royal old lioness and Yul Brynner as a conspirator with a conscience.

**The Girl Can't Help It:** Not a bad show-business comedy about a has-been gangster (Edmond O'Brien), his rueful manager (Tom Ewell) and the former's untalented but stunning girl friend (Jayne Mansfield). Too much rock'n'roll music in this one for my comfort, though.

**The Iron Petticoat:** A strained, almost embarrassing comedy about a Russian airwoman (Katherine Hepburn) who becomes a pawn in the cold war. Bob Hope is the jaunty American officer who tries to sell her the West. *Ninotchka* (1939) handled a similar theme much better.

**Secrets of Life:** The newest nature documentary from the Walt Disney empire is one of the best of them all, its superb color photography ranging from an anthill to a volcano. Music and spoken commentary are good, too, without the usual folksy affectations.

**The She-Creature:** A prehistoric monster is dragged back to life from the slime of time through the subconscious "memories" of a hypnotized cutie (Marla English) in this tolerable horror item.

### GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

**Baby Doll:** Sexy comedy-drama. Well-done trash. Rating: fair.

**The Battle of the River Plate:** Naval-warfare drama. Good.

**Between Heaven and Hell:** War. Fair.

**Beyond Mombasa:** Jungle drama. Poor.

**Bigger Than Life:** Drama. Fair.

**The Brave One:** Mexico drama. Good.

**Everything But the Truth:** Romantic comedy. Poor.

**Friendly Persuasion:** Comedy-drama re American Quakers. Good.

**Gold Rush:** Chaplin reissue. Excellent.

**Great American Pastime:** Comedy. Fair.

**Hollywood or Bust:** Comedy. Fair.

**If Conquered the World:** Science-fiction horror. Fair for children.

**Julie:** Suspense drama. Poor.

**The Killing:** Crime drama. Excellent.

**The King and Four Queens:** Western comedy-drama. Fair.

**The King and I:** Music-drama. Tops.

**A Lamp Is Heavy:** Hospital drama. Fair.

**The Last Wagon:** Western. Good.

**A Letter to 3 Wives** (reissue): Comedy-drama. Good.

**Loser Takes All:** Comedy. Fair.

**Love Me Tender:** Fair western — but warning: Presley "sings"!

**Man From Del Rio:** Western. Good.

**The Power and the Prize:** Drama of big business. Good.

**Reach for the Sky:** RAF drama. Good.

**Reprisal:** Western. Good.

**Richard III:** Shakespeare. Tops.

**The She-Creature:** Horror. Fair.

**The Silent World:** Undersea true-life drama in color. Tops.

**The Solid Gold Cadillac:** Big-business comedy. Excellent.

**Storm Centre:** Drama. Fair.

**Teahouse of the August Moon:** Army-vs.-"natives" comedy. Fair.

**The Ten Commandments:** Bible epic. Dull in spots but vast, reverent.

**Toward the Unknown:** Air drama. Good.

**The Unguarded Moment:** Drama. Good.

**War and Peace:** Drama. Good.

**Westward Ho the Wagons!** (reissue): Settlers western. Good.

**You Can't Run Away From It:** Comedy. Fair.

**Zarak:** Desert melodrama. Fair.





what a pick-up!  
yet it relaxes . . .

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THE CHARTERED BANKS SERVING YOUR COMMUNITY



## The challenge of Soviet education

Continued from page 11

### "The children decided they would obey parents if they were right but not if they were wrong"

children obey their parents?" Regarding the question as entirely proper, the children discussed it among themselves and arrived at the conclusion that they should obey if the parents were right, but certainly not if they were wrong. And in the Soviet Union it is the Party that decides what is right and what is wrong.

It was the program adopted at the Eighth Congress of the Russian Communist Party in March 1919 that laid the foundation of the Soviet system of people's education.

The role of education in the Bolshevik state is made entirely explicit. The Party proposes to "convert the school from a weapon of the class domination of the bourgeoisie into a weapon for the complete liquidation of the division of society into classes, into a weapon for the Communist rebirth of society." During the "period of preparing the conditions essential to the complete realization of communism" the school devotes itself to the "education of a generation capable of finally establishing communism."

The first task is the "introduction of free, compulsory general and polytechnical... education for all children of both sexes up to the age of seventeen." By "polytechnical" education is meant the acquainting of the young "in both theory and practice with all of the chief branches of production." The program also calls for the "creation of preschool institutions, nurseries, kindergartens, hearths, etc., for the purpose of improving social nurture and emancipating women." The school is to be called the "unified labor school" and is to be marked by "instruction in the native tongue, co-education of the two sexes, and unconditioned secular control, that is, free from every kind of religious influence." There is to be a "broad development of vocational and professional training linked with general polytechnical knowledge for persons over seventeen years of age." The statement closes with a call for the "development of the widest propaganda of Communist ideas through the utilization of the apparatus and the resources of state power."

This program announced in 1919 gives in broad outline the characteristic features of Soviet education which, with changing emphasis, method and content, have prevailed down to the present. Here may be found the general structure of the system of people's schools, the vast scope of the total educational undertaking, and the conception of education as a political weapon. Here too are the patterns of monolithic control by the Party and the direction of all the agencies and processes of education toward the building of a "Communist society."

Central in this program is the system of people's schools which in general structure follows the traditional pattern of the Western world. At the base, as provided in the program of 1919, are the nursery school, the crèche, and the kindergarten which, however, have never served more than a small fraction of the children of appropriate age. Above these preschool institutions is the basic agency for providing the general education of the younger generation—the complete middle school. Beginning its career as a nine-year

school, it evolved into a ten-year school in the early Thirties, enrolling children from seven to seventeen years of age.

This institution is composed of three units—a four-year primary school, a three-year junior secondary school, and a three-year senior secondary school. In some rural communities the primary school probably still stands alone, though not according to official pronouncements. In some other communities the primary school and the junior secondary school are combined to form the incomplete middle school. In the larger communities the ten-year or complete middle school is the prevailing pattern. Above this institution are the higher schools with programs embracing from four to six years and

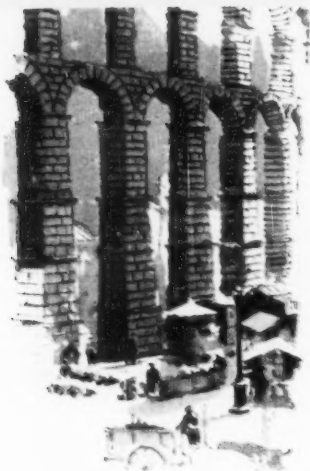
### The boy who betrayed his father

One of the Soviet's "Rules for Schoolchildren" instructs the pupil "to obey his parents." Yet the case of Pavlik Morozov, who betrayed his father to the political police, is celebrated throughout the USSR. The exploits of this young "patriot" were immortalized in an epic poem of five thousand words by Stepan Shephachev in 1951. The poem was published in a first edition of 100,000 copies by the State Publishing House of Children's Literature of the Ministry of Education. It now falls in the category of children's literature along with "Jack and the Beanstalk" and "Little Bo-Peep."

with provision for graduate work leading to the doctorate of science.

Altogether there are almost nine hundred higher schools of all types, of which thirty-three are classified as universities and the remainder as technical or scientific institutes. The Soviet system includes no college of liberal arts and all the faculties in the higher schools, including the universities, prepare students for professional careers. Branching out from this central stem of the Soviet system of people's schools at different levels is a great variety of schools for training Soviet youth for occupations of lower and middle qualifications.

Today the Soviet Union undoubtedly stands among the literate nations of the earth. In the mastery of language, literature, mathematics, science and history the record is equally worthy, with the reservation that knowledge has been made to conform with the doctrines of Marxism-Leninism. It seems quite probable that by the end of the Forties universal attendance through seven years was achieved in all but the most remote and backward regions and that by the end of the Sixth Five-Year Plan in 1960 attendance in the full ten-year middle school will be approached. In 1913 the number



SPAIN  
*Roman Aqueduct, Segovia*



FRANCE  
*Pont-Neuf, Paris*

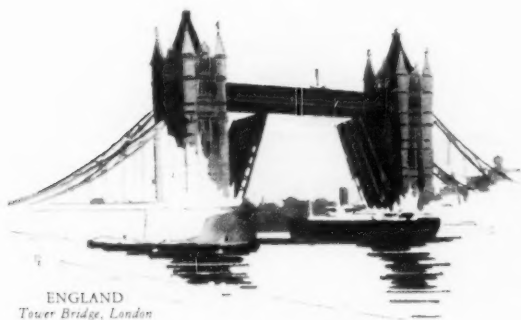


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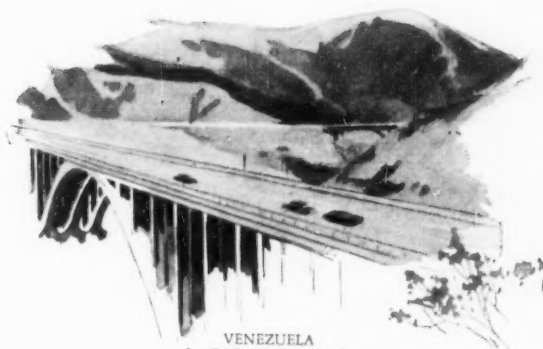
BRAZIL  
*Florianopolis Bridge*



JAPAN  
*Kintai-Kyo Bridge, Iwakuni City (Yamaguchi)*



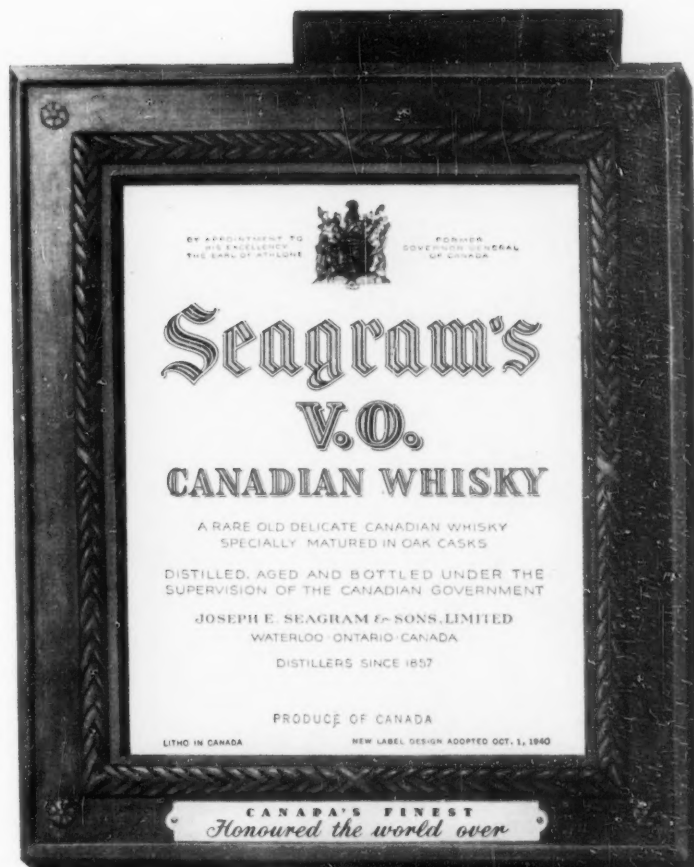
SWITZERLAND  
*Landwasser Viaduct, near Filisur*



VENEZUELA  
*La Guaira Highway Bridge*



AUSTRALIA  
*Sydney Harbour Bridge*





of students in institutions corresponding to the middle school was eight million. In 1953 it was thirty-five million.

The advance in science and technology and in the training of specialists has also been phenomenal. The fact has been established over and over that Soviet vocational, technical and higher schools are graduating each year two or three times as many specialists of several grades as corresponding institutions in the United States and Canada together. In general cultural standards the Russians still lag behind the countries of the West. As a

consequence, many Soviet youth have had to learn in schools skills that a child reared in a modern society acquires in the process of growing up amid machines.

But no society has ever committed itself so unreservedly in words to the mastery and development of mathematics and the natural sciences. Every youngster who completes the full middle school takes ten years of mathematics, six years of geography, six years of biology, five years of physics, four years of chemistry, and one year of astronomy. The emphasis continues in the higher schools in the

training of specialists, and research in all sciences is organized according to a comprehensive plan and is supported with unprecedented generosity. In addition, the scientist occupies a privileged position in Soviet society. That thought and research may be forced into the molds of political conformity and the sacred doctrines of dialectical materialism is true. Yet the achievements of Soviet scientists in nuclear physics leave little ground for those who contend that science can develop only in a free society.

In the 1920s many observers concluded that the Bolsheviks had adopted "progressive education." The curriculum seemed to be made on the spot, examinations were scorned, and school marks abolished; homework was not expected, corporal punishment was forbidden by law, and the children seemed to be running things. The children not only operated a system of self-government but had committees on sanitation, on the curriculum, on methods of teaching. Often teachers feared their pupils, because of what they might say outside school.

The launching of the great new program for the industrialization of the country in the autumn of 1928, and the triumph of Stalin over his rivals by the early Thirties, ended this "experimental period" and brought down a rigid set of rules for education.

On Feb. 12, 1933, the Central Committee of the Party pronounced the common scorn of textbooks "incorrect" and "intolerable." It then proceeded to instruct the Commissariat of Education to prepare "stable textbooks" in the "native language, mathematics, geography, physics, chemistry, biology, etc." A "stable textbook" is one "approved after a preliminary scrupulous examination by the Collegium of the Commissariat of Education." In such a textbook, Stalin said, "every word and every definition must be weighed." And such a textbook must be prepared for "each subject" taught in the school.

The next step was the development of a rigorous system of marks, examination, promotion, and awards. The Central Committee issued a decree reviving the

prerevolutionary five-point marking scale: "1—very poor, 2—poor, 3—satisfactory, 4—good, and 5—excellent." All commissariats of education were instructed to establish "norms for the evaluation of the work of pupils" which would be "compulsory" for all the schools of the USSR. Thereafter promotion from one grade to another was to carry a "certificate with an enumeration of marks" received in all subjects and in conduct. Pupils passing "the final and transfer examinations" were to be awarded "honor scrolls," and on graduation from the secondary school, "diplomas with marks in all subjects." Graduates from the secondary school receiving the "excellent in the basic subjects and a mark of not less than 'good' in other subjects" were to "have the right to enter higher schools without entrance examinations." A decree of the Soviet of Ministers in 1944 called for special examinations at the end of the fourth, seventh and tenth grades.

This tremendous emphasis on marks greatly impressed this writer in the autumn and winter of 1936. In Moscow I noted that pictures of all pupils who received excellent marks were displayed on bulletin boards. I attended a meeting of the Young Pioneers for the election of officers. The children nominated took places on the rostrum. Each was required to give an account of himself and was questioned by other members of the organization. One of the first questions was, "What are your school marks?" If he admitted to anything below "good" he was greeted with boos and catcalls.

Teachers, instead of being afraid of their pupils, were given new authority. Decrees for the Young Communist and Young Pioneer organizations for Soviet youth insisted that they must assist teachers in raising the level of instruction, raising the authority of the teacher and strengthening discipline.

The teaching plan for 1954-55 shows the stern new regimen: all children follow the same curriculum from the first grade to the tenth, except for differentiation between the sexes in military-physical preparation. All ten-year schools teach the same subjects in the same grades.

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### What Soviet children study

The following table shows the seventeen subjects taken by all students in Soviet schools and the number of class hours a week spent on these subjects in grades 1 to 10 of the complete middle school. The column at right shows the number of hours a week spent by all grades on each subject. The complete ten-year

middle-school education of a single child involves 9,962 hours of classroom instruction. This is about a thousand hours more than the average Canadian child gets in twelve years to senior matriculation. Time spent in homework and writing examinations is not included in either case.

SUBJECTS	NUMBER OF CLASS HOURS PER WEEK BY GRADES										Wkly. Hrs. spent on subject by all grades
	I	II	III	IV	V	VI	VII	VIII	IX	X	
Russian language and literature	13	13	13	9	9	8	6	5	4	4	84
Mathematics	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	60
History	—	—	—	2	2	2	2	4	4	4	20
Constitution of USSR	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	1
Geography	—	—	—	2	3	2	2	2	3	—	14
Biology	—	—	—	2	2	2	3	2	1	—	12
Physics	—	—	—	—	—	2	3	3	4	4	16
Astronomy	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	1
Chemistry	—	—	—	—	—	—	2	2	3	4	11
Psychology	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	1
Foreign language	—	—	—	—	4	4	3	3	3	3	20
Physical culture	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	20
Drawing	1	1	1	1	1	1	—	—	—	—	6
Drafting	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	1	1	1	4
Singing	1	1	1	1	1	1	—	—	—	—	6
Labor	1	1	1	1	1	2	2	2	—	—	10
Practical work in agricultural economy, machine operation, and electro-technique excursions	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3	2	2	7
Total Class Hours a Week	24	24	24	26	32	32	32	32	33	33	293





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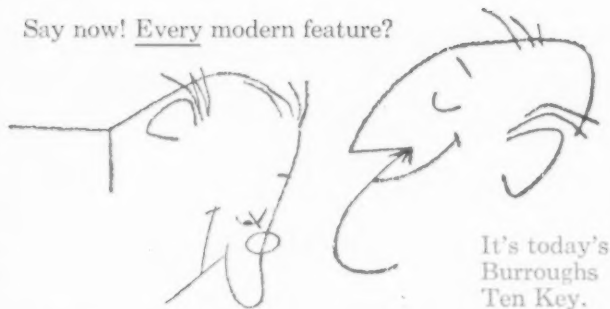
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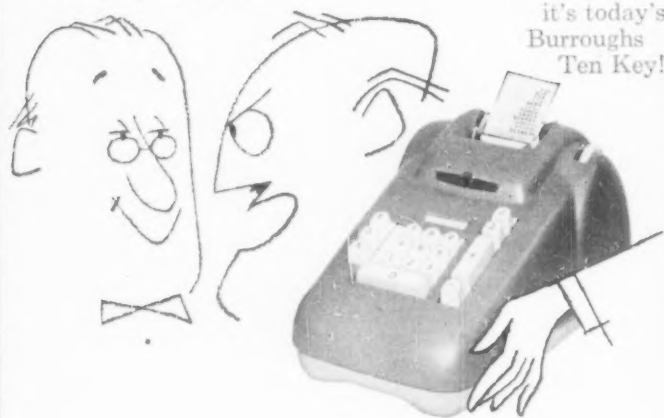
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## Training Russian scientists starts in grade 6

except the non-Russian schools of some provinces in which the Russian language is taught as an additional subject from the third to the tenth grade. The school year is long, ranging from 213 days in the first three grades to 230 in the tenth, and the school week embraces six days. The curriculum emphasizes the native language, mathematics and physical science. Moreover, according to the plan, the Soviet pupil is carried much farther in mathematics and science than the North American pupil. Mathematics includes trigonometry as well as astronomy. The study of physics and chemistry begins in the sixth and seventh grades respectively. Both science and mathematics are classified as "important subjects." The study of English, German and French is taken very seriously; instruction begins in the fifth grade. Systematic physical education is provided in all grades from the first to the tenth for the purpose of "cultivating such qualities in the younger generation as bravery, persistence and will."

In the administration of this curriculum little is left to chance. In addition to the "stable textbook," there are "instructional programs" to fix both content and method. These programs are "compulsory state documents." Every teacher and every school director "bear responsibility for their fulfillment." "Arbitrary changes," even the "interchange of hour" between two subjects, "are inadmissible."

The "Rules of Internal Order" for teachers prescribe punishment for "violation of labor discipline," such as being late to work, leaving school before the closing hour, taking too much time for lunch. The punishment may take the form of: "(a) a remark, (b) a reprimand, (c) a strict reprimand." For more serious violations, such as "willfully leaving the work of the school," "shirking one's duty" and "theft of school property," the guilty party is brought before the court.

In addition to subjects that would be recognized by any Canadian schoolboy, an important part of Soviet educa-

tion is political. Politics determines what subjects are taught and how they're taught; it can also decide whether a student will become a scientist, engineer, teacher or farm worker.

According to the reasoning of Russian educators mathematics develops the method of "dialectical thinking in pupils," reflects in "concepts and formulas the dialectic of phenomena in the real world," and "at each step confronts the pupil with the manifestation of such laws as the conversion of quantity into quality and the unity of opposites." Physics "acquaints the pupils with the basic properties and laws, of matter and energy," teaches "that the material world exists objectively, outside and independently of our consciousness," provides a "materialistic explanation of such complex phenomena as radioactivity and atomic energy," demonstrates that "matter and energy are eternal and that one form of energy can be transformed into another," and reveals the "operation of the general laws of dialectics in manifold physical phenomena." Consequently, "physics has tremendous significance in the formation of a dialectical-materialistic world outlook."

History "aids pupils better to understand the priceless significance of the achievements of the socialist revolution" and gives them an appreciation of the "heroic struggle their fathers waged for their freedom." It will also teach them "to guard carefully the victories of the revolution" and "cultivate in them the desire to devote all of their strength to continue the cause of building a Communist society in the Soviet Union."

Every Soviet history textbook is revealing. But attention will be confined here to the third volume of *The History of the USSR*, edited by Professor A. M. Pankratova, covering the period from 1894 to the date of publication, and used in the tenth grade, the last year of the complete middle school. This text is now in its fourteenth edition. The way in which the Party line influences history is

### How Beria



### dropped out of history

Soviet reference books are regarded as sharp weapons in political education. In the *Large Soviet Encyclopedia*, one of the most formidable achievements of Russian scholarship, all articles must follow the Party line. With a change in the Party line, of course, subjects are revised or omitted.

One example of revision involves Lavrenti Beria. One of the three-volume set formed after Stalin's death to direct Soviet affairs, he was arrested and executed as a traitor in December 1953. Since Beria's name begins with "B," his biographical sketch appeared in an early volume published in 1950: four pages of print and a full-page portrait—a glowing tribute to "the loyal student

and companion-in-arms of Stalin." Obviously, something had to be done about this.

Instead of calling in all copies, the State Scientific Publishing House addressed the following instructions to subscribers: "(We) recommend the removal from Vol. 5 of the BSE pages 21, 22, 23 and 24, also the portrait between pages 22 and 23 and the replacing of these pages with the pages of a new text being mailed to you. With scissors or razor blade cut out the above-mentioned pages, leaving sufficient margin near the spine of the book into which the new pages can be glued."

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revealed in the treatment of a single event in three editions of the Pankratova volume—the allied landing in Normandy on June 6, 1944. The editions are dated 1945, 1946 and 1955.

The 1945 edition was sent to press toward the end of 1944. The account of the landing runs as follows:

On June 6, 1944, the allied troops achieved a successful landing in the north of France in accordance with the resolutions adopted at the Teheran Confer-

ence regarding co-ordinated actions of the allied powers from the east and the west. In appraising the landing of the allies in the north of France, Comrade Stalin stated: "One can say, without equivocation, that the wide forcing of the Channel and the mass landing of allied troops in the north of France were a brilliant success of our allies . . . The brilliantly achieved invasion by British and American troops of northern France led to further military vic-

tories of the allies, who by the 15th of September 1944 cleared almost all of France and Belgium of German forces and crossed the German frontier, taking possession of the first German city — the birthplace of Marx — Trier.

The edition for 1946, prepared after the war was over and after a great shift in the Party line, presented a very different picture:

The victories of the Red Army

played a decisive role in ensuring the military successes of the allies in North Africa and Italy. The drawing of the basic German reserves from the west and the destruction of the best German divisions on the Soviet-German front provided the opportunity for the successful development of large offensive operations by the allies in Europe . . . Thus, the fourth year of the war proved to be a year of decisive victories of the Soviet armies.

By 1955 the tribute to England and the United States passed the zero point. "Our allies" have disappeared and presumably changed sides after the close of the war:

England and the United States in the course of three years of war delayed in every way the opening of a second front in Europe against the German troops. But when after the tremendous victories of the Soviet Army it became clear that the Soviet Union with its own forces would occupy the entire territory of Germany and liberate France, England and the USA decided to open a second front in Europe.

Thus history books make it clear that "the Soviet Union alone carried the basic burden of the war, and the Soviet people shed their blood not only for themselves, but also for other peoples." And the "Soviet Army fulfilled its liberating mission in relation to all the peoples of Europe and helped them to throw off the yoke of the German enslavers." It took only twenty-four days to bring Japan to unconditional surrender:

The entire world recognized the great service of the Soviet Army which by its selfless struggle saved civilization from the German-fascist barbarians and from the Japanese imperialists. The Soviet Army emerged before the whole world as an army of liberation . . . the savior of civilization.

And here is what the Soviet history texts now say of the "brilliant allies" of the 1945 editions:

The imperialists of the USA and their partners, feverishly preparing for a new world war, strenuously dispatched to the USSR and the countries of the people's democracy their spies, wreckers, and diversionists, attempting to undermine peaceful, socialist construction.

Though history seldom embarrasses the conscientious Russian teacher, religion sometimes does.

Since Stalin's death, the campaign to "improve" anti-religious instruction in the schools has assumed the proportions of a major undertaking. The "deplorable condition" in the schools which the campaign was launched to correct is described in an editorial in *Uchitel'skaya Gazeta*. In reporting conditions in the schools of Yaroslavl the editorial states that the quality of "scientific-atheistic training of pupils" is "intolerable" and "many teachers do not struggle against religious survivals and superstitions." "Some pupils participate in religious ceremonies and are infected with all sorts of superstitions." A fourth-grade pupil, Igor, and his third-grade sister, Galia, "wear crucifixes, attend church regularly, read prayers, and collect money for church needs."



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And then there was the case of a student who "left the ranks of the Young Communists and devoted herself to prayers" to improve her scholarship. The account insists that anti-religious instruction should be "systematic" and marked by a "militant and offensive spirit," that "a most important task of all teachers is to show the absolute irreconcilability of science and religion."

Rules of conduct for Soviet schoolchildren are even more rigid than scholarship training.

In 1944 the Commissar of Education issued an "instruction" to all teachers on the "evaluation of conduct," giving a "grade of five for flawless conduct both in the school and outside the school." For a "noticeable violation of conduct" grade four is given but such a grade is "permitted during only one quarter." If the pupil fails to improve, the "pedagogical soviet" may lower the grade to three. This is a warning of possible expulsion.

Certificates and diplomas are issued "only when the pupil's conduct is excellent (grade of five with the following remark: 'with excellent (5) conduct')." Thus, although all pupils are not expected to make five—the highest mark—in every subject, they are expected to make such a mark in conduct.

The Russian student who survives the complete middle school is well on his way to becoming a member of the Soviet's new intelligentsia, an upper crust of brains that directs industry, economy and political machinery. Higher schools have a tuition fee of 300 to 500 rubles a year, but outstanding students get a maintenance allowance plus an extra twenty-five percent for spending.

Russia's new intellectual, professional, technical, managerial and political elite is highly privileged in both material and spiritual rewards. The tuition charges in higher schools, while large enough to constitute a serious financial burden for most families, presented no obstacle to the advancement of the sons and daughters of the new elite. The fees therefore have played some role in driving underprivileged Soviet youth into the ranks of the "labor reserves." In spite of the systematic propagation of the idea of the heroism of manual labor, the Soviet secondary school for many years has been oriented toward the university and the professions, and has associated a stigma of inferiority with hard work by which the great masses of people gain their livelihood. Today a briefcase is more desired by Soviet youth than the hammer or sickle. According to criticisms in the Soviet press as late as May 1956, Russian parents, like parents almost everywhere, want their children to go to college and "wear a white collar."

No other development inside Russia has evoked more attention outside Russia than the country's industrial advancement. When the Party launched its Plan of Great Works in 1928 it outlined goals that seemed fantastic—180-percent increase in industrial production, 400-percent increase in oil production, 200-percent increase in iron output, 53,000 tractors a year where none had been produced before. All this with few technicians, for Russia had only 1,500 institutions for the training of specialists—they could accommodate 250,000 students. Half the people were still illiterate. To do the job the Plan proposed to train 350,000 specialists—engineers, technicians and scientists—at once.

From 1928 to 1954 Soviet higher schools graduated almost 3,000,000 of these specialists. In higher schools for specialists and technical schools for

workmen almost 4,000,000 students were enrolled by 1954. This, the author says, involved the greatest mass conscription of brains in history.

No university or technical institute in the Soviet Union ever springs into being on free initiative. It comes into existence only if the central plan requires it. An institution does not launch a new department because its rival across the street or in another province has done so. Service to the Soviet and its program of development are always the decisive factors.

The size of the student body or faculty likewise is not left to chance or the urge of the young "to go to college." Such matters are determined by the number of specialists of each type and grade required. Although the individual receives personal benefit from his studies, the overriding objective is service to the state. Under a series of decrees beginning in 1933, the young specialist is assigned to a job within five days after graduation for a minimum of three years. He may be assigned to some distant region of the Soviet Union. A system of workbooks

and passports limits the freedom of choice and movement of the individual.

The meaning of this for the free world is not difficult to grasp. Within a single generation the Bolsheviks have converted a backward country into a powerful industrial state. While many factors have entered into this program Soviet power rests on the army of specialists trained in the higher schools. The Sixth Five-Year Plan calls for further expansion. It would appear that the Bolshevik revolution is entering a new and fateful phase. No longer will Soviet leaders confine them-

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selves to political agitators. Indeed, they have already embarked on a program of technical and economic assistance to backward countries.

In his speech at the Twentieth Congress, Khrushchev boasted that the Soviet Union is "helping the people's democracies to build 391 enterprises" and "China to build in one five-year period alone 156 enterprises." At the same time, alluring proposals are being made to many other countries. All of this means specialists and more specialists. Today Russia is producing twice as many engineers and scientists as the U.S. But it does not mean that the Soviet training institutions have produced so many specialists that the Soviet Union now finds itself embarrassed by a surplus. The system does not work in such fashion. If specialists are prepared beyond the defined needs of the domestic economy, they are prepared according to plan to advance the cause of communism in the countries chosen for attention—to enhance the prestige and influence of the Soviet Union wherever they may go.

The Soviet specialist is not only a technician; he is also committed to the cause of Lenin. And you may be sure that every specialist, before crossing the borders of the Soviet Union, will be carefully trained for his *komandirovka* (mission) and

subjected to the most severe tests of political loyalty, outlook and understanding.

We enter now the fascinating world of speculation about the future. What will be the impact on the regime itself during the coming years of this tremendous program to educate the people? May not the Party, quite unwittingly, have released forces that in time will destroy the foundations as well as the superstructure of the totalitarian state? Are not literacy and education in their very nature liberating factors in history and society? If an individual is taught to think in accordance with the scientific method in physics or astronomy, may he not transfer the method to the social and political realms? Do not the great masses of the Soviet people already resent the dictatorship and long for political liberty? Or can human nature be molded to any pattern according to the wishes of the molders? May not the Communist philosophers be correct in their claim that the experience of the Soviet state has demonstrated the possibility of transforming the nature of man?

There exists unhappily no calculus by which such questions can be answered. ★

*Dr. Counts' full observations will be published later in the book, The Challenge of Soviet Education, by the McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc.*



Our daily bread continued from page 24

### "I dreamed father roasted the men over a fire"

some ideas about the good God. If He wanted, I knew, He could give us at least a little butter for our meagre supply of bread. Maybe when my father came back, something good would happen. He packaged tobacco for Captain Ring, and would not be back before the church bells tolled their evening summons. He never came back without bringing me a piece of tri-colored candy.

I was half asleep when he returned, empty-handed. He sat quietly at the table, ate a piece of bread, drank some water, and said nothing until he lighted his pipe. Then he said only, "Curses on this old hut. It would be better to burn it down, so we wouldn't have to pay taxes on it."

After that I had a very unpleasant dream. I saw the thatched roof crackling with flames, and my father roasting two gentlemen, stuck on a pitchfork, over the fire. "What are you doing, father?" I asked. "I'm just singeing these tax-collectors the way I do a porker." The collectors, I knew, were the gentlemen who went from door to door to collect the taxes. There were always two of them—an irate city clerk, with a pencil behind his ear, and a guard, who carried the tax forms, the ink, and also kicked away any dogs that thought of biting the tax collector.

The next morning, when the sun brushed the sleep away from my eyes, I rushed out to look at the roof. It was as it has always been, with patches of green moss peeking from under the snow.

"No," I thought, "our trouble lies elsewhere. The reason the good God denies us our bread must be in Lacika's button."

Lacika must have been the most ragged tailor who ever applied himself to patching ragged coats and pants. He was

about fifty, his beard was always laced with thread, and he was as helpless and dumb as a little child. That's why I called him Lacika, which means Little Laszlo, and he in turn called me "young man." He came to visit us every Sunday after vespers, and he remained until the dark, helping my father curse the memory of Ferenc Deak, the opportunist, who back in the revolution of 1848 thought that compromise was better than force. When darkness touched the countryside, he rose and tapped me with his cane:

"Well, young man, what do you say?"

"Long live eighteen-forty-eight," I shouted. He happily patted me on the shoulder, and promised that if God let him live long enough, he would make me a coat as beautiful as his. I thought that I had seen better coats on scarecrows in the field—except for one thing, Lacika's had the most beautiful button I had ever seen. It was made of red bone, with a black rim, and originally it must have adorned a real lady's dress. Its mission on Lacika's coat was purely decorative, and even in the heat of argument, his eyes would rest on it lovingly. This was the button that I now had inside my own shirt, for one day, unable to resist its beauty, I quietly snipped it off Lacika's coat. And it was this button that now troubled me.

That noon, I sneaked into the old church and, pretending to kiss the altar, I placed the button on it. True, it would have been much simpler to put it into Lacika's pocket, but then the good God would not have known about it, and I wanted to restore our friendship.

At night, my mother had a surprise for me: "My child, for dinner we'll have a gardener's steak." In case you do not understand, this is the name the poor



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people apply to pumpkin. It's good, if you like it, but in the dying weeks of winter the pumpkin becomes watery, and its honey-like juice tastes like dishwater. I yearned for the bread we used to have, with its crust and crumbs—or even the crust alone.

**T**HE YEAR was bad, and our patch of land behaved unkindly. What the frost spared, the hail pounded down and the sun parched. "This year," my father said bitterly, throwing his bag in the corner, "even our cherry tree yields nothing but wrinkled cherries." But bread was so scarce that once we did not see it for three whole days, and even the dry cherries tasted good.

I was loitering in the street when the rich Mrs. Dobak, who traded in chickens, shouted to me from behind the geraniums in her window: "Hey, child, go cut some greens for my little pig!" I looked through the greens and found that they contained a lot of berries, and so the pig got the leaves, and the rest I hid in my pockets. What a dinner it would make! The rich Mrs. Dobak was very pleased with my work, and she paid me off with a slab of white bread.

"Wait, I'll put some honey on it."

But I was already out, and sinking my teeth in the wonderfully soft bread. I could not swallow it though, for my mother's pale face rose before me. I looked at the mutilated piece of bread, and wished desperately I could somehow repair the damage. I filled my mouth with the berries, but even they would not go down my throat.

Mother, oddly enough, was not pleased to get the bread. Tears rolled down her face, and she tried to force the bread back on me.

"I've already had the other slice," I lied, and of all the lies I ever uttered, this was the hardest to tell.

"But I've also had my dinner," mother said. "I had some wonderful boiled potatoes." Potatoes are not bad if you have salt with them, but that time we had neither salt nor potatoes. "You know what," mother said. "Why don't we save the bread for your father? The poor man will be starved when he comes back from the field."

I never did see father come back. If the berries don't give you a bad stomachache, they make you sleep. It was already dawn when I woke up, and I overheard my parents talking.

"Don't worry, dearest," I heard my father say. "I need no bread, for the cherry tree will provide for me."

"No, no," my mother said, as she slipped the bread into his bag. "don't worry about us. God is good, and He will give us today as much as He did yesterday."

And God did just that—a few berries, some carrots, and a piece of cheese that we found far down in the chest. It had lived there through the winter, and become so tough that not even a knife could cut through it. My mother was pleased, because she could now give me the whole piece. "My teeth couldn't bite through that," she said.

I was still gnawing on the cheese when my father came back from the field. He swung his sack cheerfully. "Well, Ferko," he said to me, "guess what I brought you."

"What?" I cried, jumping up and down. "Is it a little nightingale?"

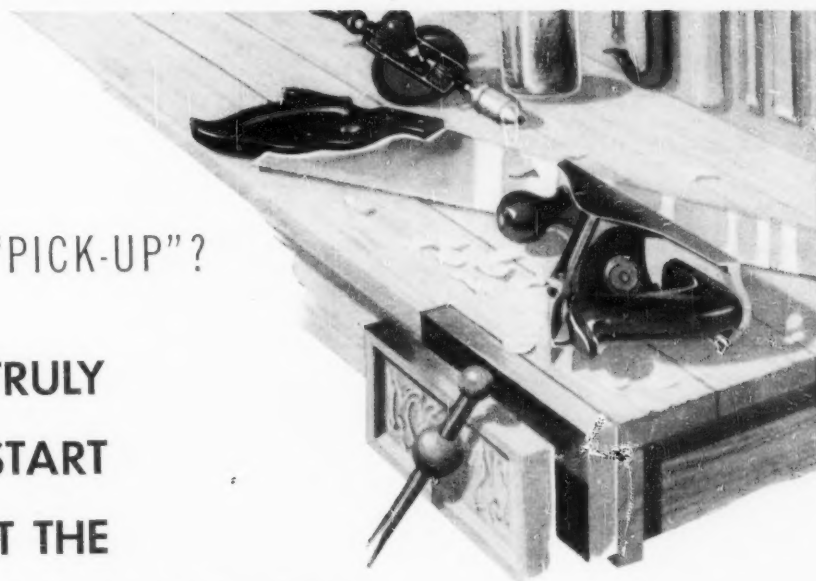
No, it was a greater surprise than that, for when he dug into his bag, his hand brought out a piece of white bread. It was the same piece that the rich Mrs. Dobak had given me, and I had given mother.

Since then, I have always known the meaning of "our daily bread." ★

TIME FOR A "PICK-UP"?

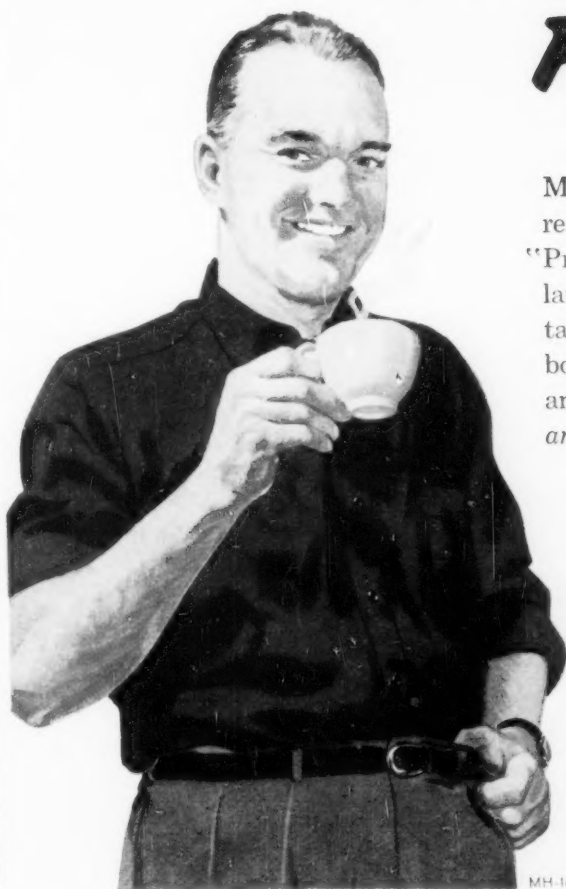
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**Crisis 1957: Lister Sinclair** continued from page 9

**"Nowadays we must recognize that the Commonwealth is not really one great big happy family"**

the more reason to back her up. The spirit of Commonsense would support her if she were right; only the spirit of the Commonwealth would support her if she were wrong.

The Commonwealth split: no doubt of

it. But did we split it, or did Britain? Many think the question is ridiculous: we are independent, but Britain gives the lead. According to this view, any difference of opinion is a divergence on our part, probably instigated by the U.S.

I do not agree with this, though I sympathize with it. Many Canadians came from Britain; so did many Australians and New Zealanders. In their hearts they remember the Old Home, for all that the Imperial Conference declared

in 1926 that Commonwealth nations are "... autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the crown and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations."

Sentiment says they are not really equal in status; Britain is more equal than the others. Sentiment also says that Britain should be given the courtesy due to seniority, perhaps even the special duty owed to a parent.

Or rather, sentiment used to say these things. Nowadays we must recognize that the Commonwealth is not really one great big happy family. If you appeal to member nations to remember their common parentage, you may get more than you bargained for. You may hear about the Boer War, or the Prince of Wales riots, or even Mackenzie and Papineau. And why not? After all, the idea of the Commonwealth dates from the Durham Report of 1839. It is founded on the magic words "responsible government," those words that are the honorable epitaph of the old British Empire. The word Commonwealth was not heard till Lord Rosebery used it in 1883; but Lord Durham knew about it first. That, however, was over a hundred years ago. The Asiatic Commonwealth countries are not yet ten years old, nor did their teeming millions spring from Europe.

Now this is a different world from the one Lord Durham looked on. Britain, like France, is no longer a world power. She must now yield under pressure what she had learned to grant out of generosity. She remembers her glorious history, and the power she once possessed; and she goes down fighting, with her friends as well as her enemies. No one can blame her. She is now a small proud country, unable to support her people, and dependent for her very existence on the magnanimous power of others, or perhaps on their enlightened self-interest. It is as bitter for a nation's pride as it is for an individual's to realize that the finest hour has passed and gone forever. The sinking heart can be sustained with everything from faith to bombast; but influence depends on power, power on wealth; and the wealth has been spent on self-defense.

As for the dominions, they are mostly prisoners of geography. Canada is a North American country. We live and trade in the Western Hemisphere; we do not belong to the sterling block. And we have responsible government; responsible.

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**MIRRORS BY PILKINGTON**



that is, to the people of Canada, who are North Americans. Is it surprising that Canada's interests are not identical with Britain's? Is it surprising that the United States has more influence over Canada, though perhaps more power over Britain?

Australia and New Zealand are largely peopled with emigrant Britons. But they are a long way from Britain's protection, and that way is even longer now that Britain has spent her substance. But the Orient is still there; and Australia and New Zealand ceaselessly remember it. The United States is closer than Britain, and much stronger; so these dominions, too, stand at the crossroads of history and geography.

South Africa is different. She is African and her problems are African, but alone among African nations she has turned her back on the movement of the continent. She uses parliamentary institutions to cripple parliament, and uses her liberties to deny her people liberty. Attempts to remonstrate with her government, as we must call this unsavory gang of bigots, are met with the

Africa provide unity at the expense of integrity.

On the other hand, the Commonwealth has work to do. It is more than an itinerary where royal personages make insulated and well-publicized tours. Such things have their value, no doubt, but only when they are a genuine expression of local aspirations and self-respect.

While the Commonwealth exists, we have a degree of co-operation between countries of very different backgrounds and interests. This very diversity is an advantage. It gives the Commonwealth

unique value. Between certain of its members there are strong emotional relationships. You may find some of them irrational, but there they are, and if they are there they are political realities and must be reckoned with.

The Commonwealth also serves a useful purpose by keeping up permanent committees: the Economic Committee, for example, or the Shipping Committee, or the Executive Council of the Commonwealth Agricultural Bureau. These should give plenty of chances for constructive mutual criticism (subject always

to the suspicious scrutiny of jealous national pride).

The Commonwealth is, moreover, quite an efficient mutual-protection society. And it is an area of relative free trade: in goods, under imperial preference; in people, by common citizenship with the United Kingdom. Other Commonwealth countries do not share citizenship with one another. On the contrary, they very often deliberately exclude each other. Canada is a grave offender in this respect.

But the greatest benefit of the Com-

#### PAKISTAN



MOHAMMED: "Benevolent dictator" of the nation's freedom crises.

catch phrase of modern nationalism: non-interference in internal affairs. If the Commonwealth is to have any ethical basis, it should either call South Africa to account or kick her out.

There remain only the Asiatic dominions. And you have said the most important thing about Pakistan, India and Ceylon when you have said that they are Asiatic—which is as much as to say they are gigantic, swarming with millions of people whose skins are not white; bitterly poor, full of pride, full of revengeful memories of an occupation that, however well-intentioned, was nonetheless foreign. All three inherited British institutions, but they reacted very differently to them. Pakistan underwent a series of constitutional crises, from which she was extricated by her governor-general, acting for a while more like a benevolent dictator than the figurehead we are accustomed to. India and Ceylon, in spite of occasional violence, have maintained remarkable stability; but, free from British rule, they have ignored the Soviets and Red China waiting at the northern passes. They bask for the moment in a heedless Indian summer.

These eight countries have achieved responsible government. One of the things they have agreed to do is to maintain the Commonwealth. "... freely co-operating in the pursuit of peace, liberty, and progress." Fine words, but do they mean anything?

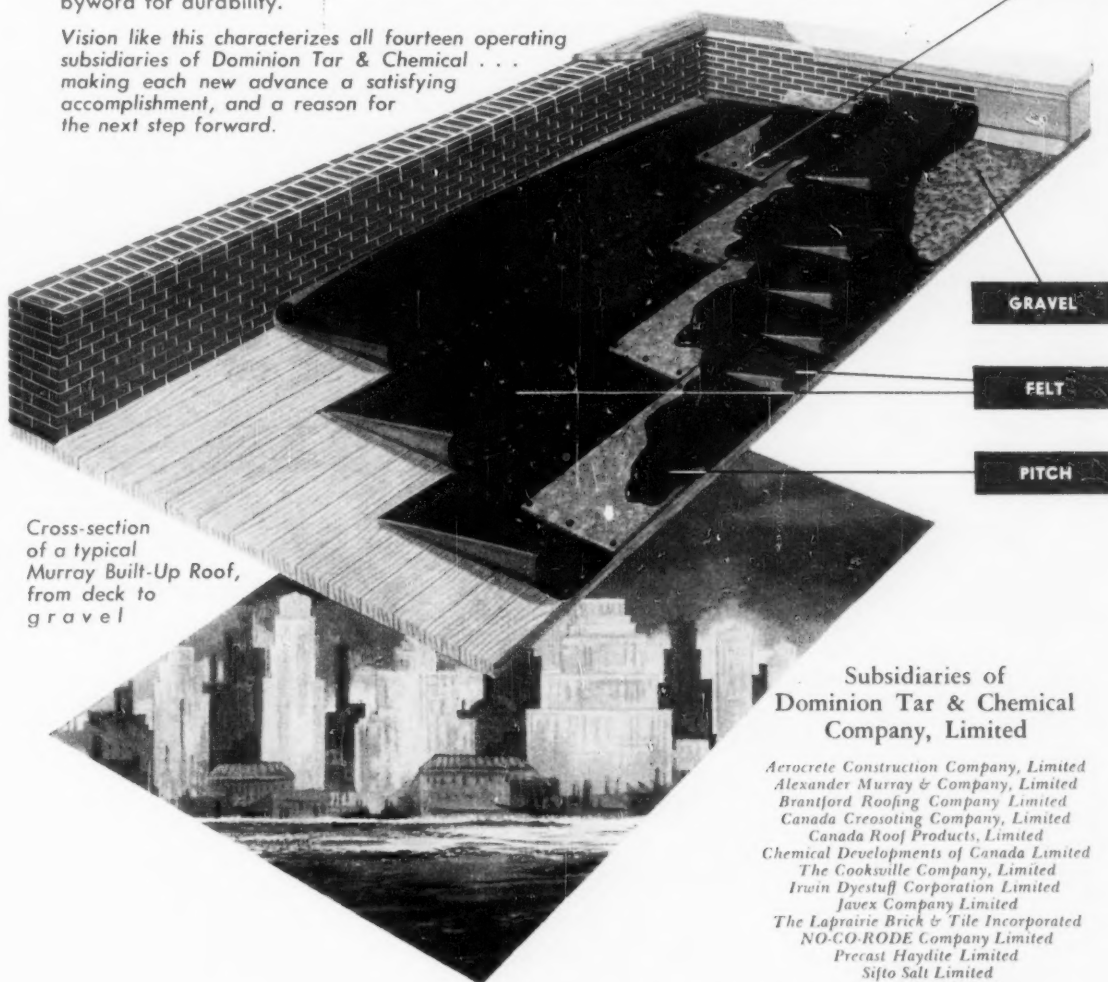
Not much. Apart from its serious birth injuries, the Commonwealth has other wounds. It is only an international agreement: in other words, appealed to when it is convenient, and ignored when it is not. Interests, passions and memories all conflict. Where is the Commonwealth spirit? It is like the phoenix: everybody has heard of it, nobody ever sees it. Furthermore, the legalistic devices used to keep India in and to tolerate South

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## "The Commonwealth will break up unless people really understand it and decide what it's to be"

monwealth is that it sets up checks and balances on national loyalties. It does not do it very much, or all the time, but politics is only the art of the possible. It is something that it should do it at all.

There is a precedent: the League of the Iroquois, that remarkable confederation that kept the warlike Six Nations at peace with each other for so many years. Each Iroquois belonged first to a tribe—Mohawk, Seneca and so forth. These tribes were geographical groupings. But each Iroquois also belonged to a clan—Bear, Snipe and so forth. The clans were family groups, based on common descent. The loyalty to the clan checked the influence of the tribe, and vice versa. If the Mohawks quarreled with the Senecas, war was averted because clan members did not want to fight one another. Similarly, if the Bears quarreled with the

If the Commonwealth is to be worthwhile it must move toward enlarging our loyalties. This means that Commonwealth countries must agree together to do certain things.

First the Commonwealth must have a permanent headquarters, a secretariat, with a permanent Commonwealth staff on the lines of the UN staff. Occasional meetings are not enough. This secretariat should not be located in Britain, even though Britain is the origin of the Commonwealth, for the anti-colonial temper of much of the Commonwealth must be reckoned with, whether we agree with it or not.

Second, the Commonwealth should invite, and encourage, mutual criticism of the domestic affairs of Commonwealth countries. Even in the Commonwealth, countries hide behind the popular catch phrase, "no interference in internal affairs." Advice is not interference. The Commonwealth countries, acting among themselves, should be entitled to full information, and to advise and to warn. We must be prepared to hear what Australia, for example, thinks of our provincial-federal arrangements; and we must be prepared to give our views on India's behavior in Kashmir, or South Africa's apartheid policy.

Third, we must have Commonwealth citizenship. All Commonwealth citizens are also British citizens, but this is not enough. There should be complete interchangeability.

Fourth, we should make sure that the pivot nations understand and use their special vantage points to interpret the geographical groups to one another.

Fifth, we should realize that loyalty to the Crown cannot be relied on as a virtue in itself. It can be a powerful emotional factor if there is an underlying community of interest.

Sixth, Commonwealth citizens must be educated to think of themselves as having Commonwealth loyalties as individuals, not merely as nations, so that Commonwealth loyalty can check national loyalty, and vice versa.

These proposals call for Commonwealth countries to give up a little national sovereignty in the interests of a greater unity. For that reason, many people will reject them. But the alternative is to keep the Commonwealth going on hope, and hope is not enough. The Commonwealth will break up unless the people who live in it understand what it really is; decide what they really want it to be; and then make their wishes vigorously felt, in practical terms. ★

### INDIA



NEHRU: "As head of a pivot nation he must interpret group to group."

Snipe, war was averted because Mohawks did not want to fight among themselves. The League of the Iroquois set up a grid of loyalties, and it worked. It kept the peace until the wars between the French and English destroyed the delicate balance.

Now the Commonwealth is in the same position; or it could be, if it were vigorously developed along similar lines. The Commonwealth nations fall naturally into geographical groups, some more closely organized than others.

Britain is a part of Europe, now leaning toward closer union. Canada, though outside the Pan-American Union, is part of the great Western Hemisphere block. Australia and New Zealand are associated in the South Pacific. Pakistan, India and Ceylon join the Moslem states of the Middle East to the Moslem Indonesia, and bring in Burma and south-east Asia on the way: a group of the leading Bandung powers.

Like the League of the Iroquois, then, the Commonwealth countries fall into geographic groups. And, like the league, they are united by a loyalty that cuts across geography. At least four of the Commonwealth countries (Britain, Canada, India and Pakistan) are exceptionally situated as pivot nations to interpret one geographical group to another. Only South Africa really stands outside the Commonwealth structure, as she stands at present outside the civilized world. She does not represent Africa, but perhaps some new dominion will.

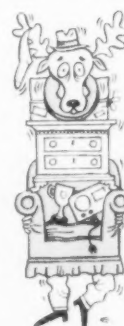
All this is too valuable a thing to give up simply because it does not always work. In politics, if you ask for all or nothing, you will end up with nothing, because you will never get all. For all its faults, the Commonwealth puts checks and balances on the scourge of nationalism, the emotional root of so many modern wars.

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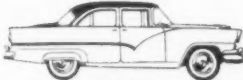






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**How the crisis saved our family** continued from page 23

**" 'The boy doesn't wish to leave,' the Reds wrote. I knew they lied' "**

police force for men with the right connections. The "right connection" was a card in the Communist Party. No, thank you.

By March 1946 I knew that my future, if any, was not in Hungary. Elizabeth's

parents agreed to keep little Steve until I could make a home for him, so I went over to Ingolstadt, in West Germany, and became a cook for the American occupation forces. Two years later, shortly after the Communists seized power in Hungary,

I joined seventy-five other DPs who were going to work in an English coal mine. There were doctors, lawyers and acrobats among us, but few miners. My job, again, was cook. My wage was three-pounds-ten a week—and I spent almost

all of it sending food parcels back home.

Then, after another two years, a small miracle happened. An immigration inspector came by one day to see how we were all making out. It was about 4 p.m. and, knowing the old English custom, I gave him a cup of tea and a piece of apple pie. After the second slice he said, "I say, this pie is rather good. Where did you learn to bake so well?" I told him. "Well, well," he said, leaving, "we'll see what can be done about you."

A week later came a letter from the inspector—permission to leave the mine camp and go to London. Enclosed was a free train ticket. In two days I found a job—at ten pounds a week—in a large bakery run by a Hungarian, Madame Floris. Moreover, only a short time after I arrived in London, I went to a Hungarian club and met Catherine Rimler, another immigrant from Hungary. On May 3, 1951, we were married.

Now, at last, I could give my son a home and a mother. But it was not that simple. The boy no longer belonged to me, but to the Hungarian Communist state. Many letters I sent to the authorities in Budapest. "You are not English," they wrote back. "Come home if you wish to be with your son." When Catherine and I became British citizens the Reds had another answer: "The boy does not wish to leave his homeland." From Steve's letters I knew this for a lie. Always he asked, "When will you come for me?" Once, in 1952, I flew to Vienna in the hope of sneaking into Hungary and smuggling him out. But the border was a minefield and I had to come back without him.

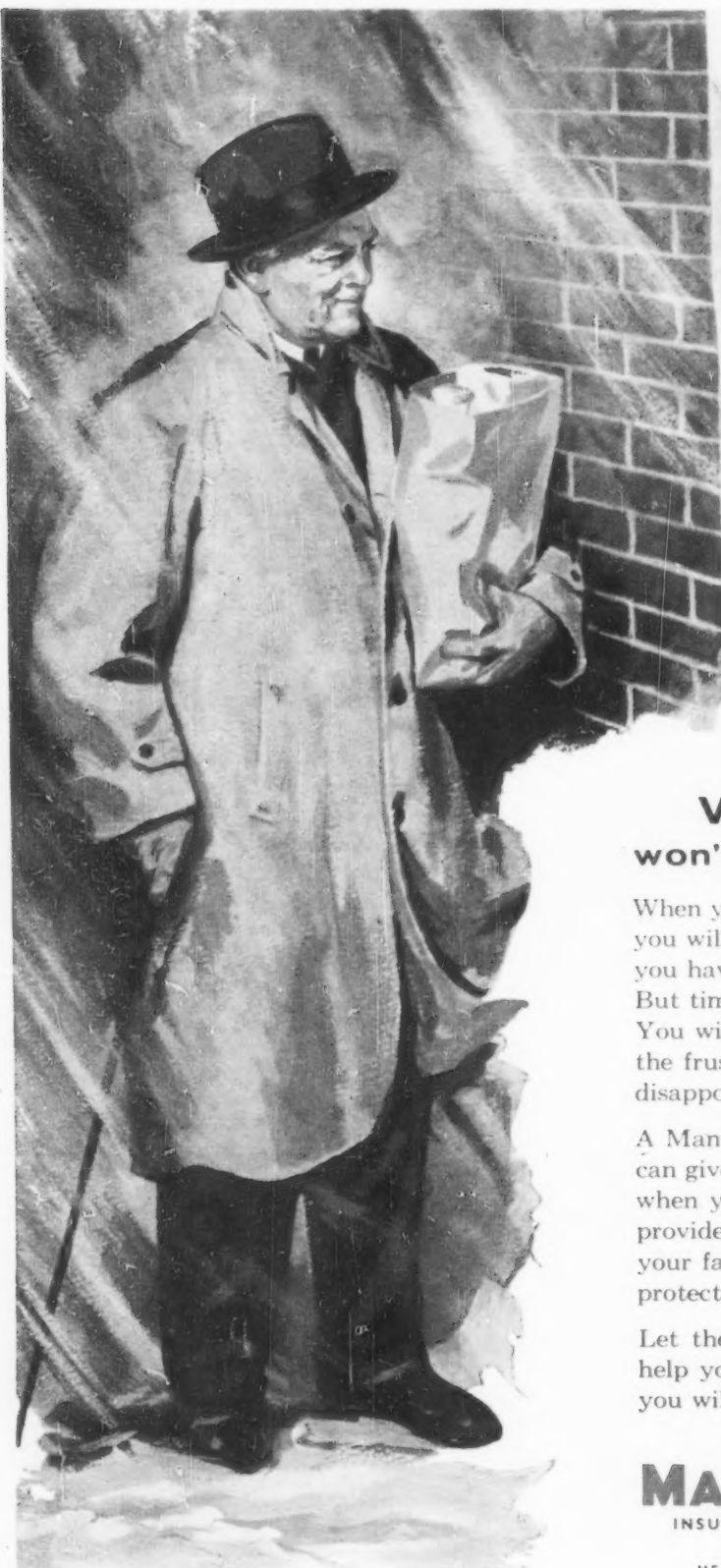
In the spring of 1955 Catherine met a lady from Toronto who was visiting in London. "Come to Canada," she advised. "It will be a heaven for you." I was hoping to start my own business and the opportunity in Britain, as you say, was not so hot. Why not Canada? So we packed our bags once more and set out for Toronto.

Here we invested all our savings—\$4,000—to start a small pastry shop. We had a partner, another Hungarian immigrant, who kept promising to get his share of the expenses from a finance company. Just a week before the grand opening he confessed that he was broke. And so, within a year, were we. I went to work for another bakery and Catherine became hostess in a Hungarian restaurant.

All this time we were getting letters from Steve. Over the years, his funny scrawl became a strong firm hand and the thin little boy in the snapshots grew to a young man, tall, straight and darkly handsome. At first he wrote that grandfather's cow had a new baby, or that he skinned his knee in the village schoolyard. Now his letters came from the city of Gyor, where he was attending a state technical school. He kept saying that he wanted to be with us, but Catherine and I had little hope now that such a happy day would ever arrive. Then, last fall, came the revolt in Hungary.

To different people it meant different things. To those in Hungary it was a fight for life itself. To the Western nations, who all sent the very best of wishes, it seemed a good sign that the Soviet empire was coming apart. And to many others, Hungarian expatriates like ourselves, it brought both hope and fear for loved ones left behind.

I remember well how my "impossible" idea came to me. It was a Monday night, Oct. 29, and we were sitting at home listening to the radio tell of the latest rebel victories, of the Russian retreat from Budapest and of refugees streaming by thousands into Austria. Having been to that very border in 1952, I could picture it clearly. Why not go there again? I could contact Steve and have him meet



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me. If not, perhaps I could slip in and find him myself.

Three nights later, at a rally of Hungarian immigrants in Massey Hall, I mentioned the thought to some friends. "No," one man told me, "it would be suicide." An old woman said, "Foolish! If the boy wants to escape he will run out." As for Catherine, she too felt that I could not succeed. But, knowing my feelings as a father, she didn't say too much.

On the next day I took all our money out of the bank and the following morning I bought a one-way ticket to Vienna: \$365. We couldn't afford return fare, so I would worry about that when the time came. Then I went over to Max Hartstone, my boss at the bakery, to ask for time off. He gave it to me, along with \$75 for my last week's wages and his own cheque for \$200 to help out.

I was to go the next day, Nov. 4. When we went to bed Saturday night the news from Hungary was that the rebels seemed to be winning their freedom. But when we woke up Sunday morning our radio said the Russians had come back to Budapest with hundreds of tanks. The rebellion was surely lost. "Now," Catherine said, "—now you cannot go."

"No," I replied. "Now I must go."

And so, one day and almost five thousand miles later, I landed at Vienna with no real idea of what to do. I asked about Gyor, the city where Steve was at school, and learned to my great fright that it was now the scene of a raging battle between fourteen thousand rebels and two hundred Russian tanks.

What now? Maybe Steve was already safe in Austria. So I went first to Traiskirchen, the biggest refugee camp. Then, having failed to find him, I went on to Nickelsdorf, a border town only thirty miles from Gyor. There, just beyond the border, there were about sixty-five Hungarian rebels digging in behind hedge-rows. They were really a ragged army—farmers, factory hands, students and a few regular soldiers, with hardly enough guns to go around. I talked with them in Magyar. They asked where I was from. "My home is in Canada." You can guess their surprise at finding me there. But what struck me most was the look of envy in their eyes.

From them I heard about the couriers, Hungarian boys with bicycles who were clever at running such errands as mine past hostile border patrols. I found a courier that day—Tuesday, Nov. 6—and paid him to take a message to my aunt's home in Gyor, where Steve was lodging. Then began a helpless week of waiting. When ten hours passed without any reply, I hired another boy. Then another and another, in my impatience, until five had slipped away into the night. As I waited at the border, a pathetic parade of refugees came by. I rushed from one to the next, asking word of my Istvan. No, they did not know the boy. But could I tell them of their Laszlo, Bela or Katalin?

On the third day of waiting, at dusk, three Soviet tanks came across the frozen fields, and behind them a mass of soldiers. The rebels opened fire, and the fight began. A quarter of a mile away, in Austria, I lay in a ditch and watched. Crouched down beside me was a border guard. He had a pistol in one hand and a rosary in the other. Together we saw the rebels driven from their trenches and killed. Some made it across the border. I remember one running toward us. He had only about two hundred yards to go when he turned and shook his fist at the Russians. Then he fell.

In the end of course the rebels were crushed and the Reds again held the border point. I must confess that I had come to look upon such tragic events from a selfish point of view. The revolution it-

self was my hope of freedom for my son. Now this small battle was a bad turn, for it ended almost any chance that Steve—or even one of the couriers—might reach me.

Still there was not much I could do but wait and pray. And that's what I did for three days more. The flood of refugees had stopped. Now only a few people crawled through the border swamps by night. By Sunday, Nov. 11, I had given up all hope. The only course left was to get some rest and then try to get to Gyor by myself. An Austrian border guard let

me curl up in his shack and I fell asleep. At 2 a.m. he woke me. "You! Szemetil!" he said. "Someone is here to see you."

It was not my son, or even one of the couriers, but a middle-aged refugee. He said: "Coming from Gyor I met the boy who was your messenger. He told me I would find you here and to say that your son has gone to his grandparents'."

Such a stroke of luck! Had Steve been still at Gyor his chance of getting across the border now would have been so slight, so dangerous. But if he had reached the farm at Agyagos, fifty miles to the south,

he was now only ten miles from the Austrian town of Pomogy. And the Hungarian border station there was one of the few still held by the rebels.

I thanked the refugee for the message, thanked God that I had not left before it arrived and then hired a taxi to take me to Pomogy. On the way I tried to imagine what had sent Steve back to the very place where I had left him ten years before. Today I know.

Steve was at school in Gyor when the revolution flared up on Oct. 23 in Budapest. From the capital it spread out like



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a grassfire to the provinces and to such smaller cities as Gyor. My son was at a school football game when one of his classmates ran out yelling, "Come on! The workers are demonstrating! There will be fighting!"

Eighty boys, Steve among them, joined the angry crowds surging through the streets. They began by pulling down the iron statues and stars that marked Hungary as a Soviet satellite. Shooting broke out. Hungarian soldiers turned their Russian guns on the Russian garrisons. Factory workers attacked Soviet tanks with the gasoline bombs that are called Molotov cocktails. Within a day the whole city was a battlefield.

In Gyor, as in Budapest, the worst of the people's hatred was turned on the AVOS, the Hungarian secret police who had hounded them so long. Steve was in the mob of students who stormed the local AVO headquarters. Eight of them died by machine-gun bullets. When the others—these boys who had been playing games only a few hours earlier—seized the secret police they shot them against a wall. In the building they found the "interrogation" room that all Gyor knew of. One wall was covered with the most horrible photographs, of men having their toenails pulled out with pliers, of naked women whose breasts were initialed with cigarette burns. There, too, Steve found a rifle—he had taken part in the attack without any gun—but a Hungarian officer took it from him. "No, boy," he said. "You are too young for this."

Once Gyor was free, the students decided to join the fight in Budapest. Fifty boys crowded aboard a lorry. Twenty others tried to climb on, but there was no more room. Steve was one who was left behind. Only a few miles outside Gyor the truck was stopped by a patrol of soldiers in Hungarian army uniform.

"Where are you going?" they demanded.

"To Budapest," the boys shouted, "—to fight."

"But you need guns." The soldiers told them to drive a few kilometres on, to a brick farmhouse. There they would be given weapons. They did so. The farmhouse turned out to be another AVO office, alive with machine guns. Most of the boys died right in the truck. Only two got back to Gyor. It was from them that my son learned of the ambush.

He had been staying with my old Aunt Anna in Gyor but now she was afraid that he would bring trouble into her home. "You had better leave," she told him. "Go back to the farm. It will be safer for all." So, with six other school-boys, he set off for Agyagos, about fifty miles to the southwest. They went by field and sideroad, because the highways were lined now with more Russian tanks. They were fed at farmhouses and slept in haylofts and they finally got to Agyagos about midnight on Oct. 29.

By coincidence, that was the same day that I, in far-off Toronto, had begun to think of a trip to Hungary. Now, exactly two weeks later, both our long journeys were nearing the end. Ten miles from the border my road to Pomogy became a river of mud, so I went the rest of the way on foot. I ran and I walked and I ran again. All along, the road was lined with tall poplars. To my left the cabbage and potato fields were white with snow. Off to the right, dawn was beginning to touch the Alpine foothills.

At 6 a.m. I came finally to the Pomogy border station. At that point the boundary runs along a river, about fifty feet wide. I spoke to an Austrian soldier and he let me by. On the other side of a wooden bridge, in Hungary, I found another band of rebels.

Once more I made my strange intro-

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duction: "I have come from Canada to find my son who is at Agyagos." If I had said "from Mars," the effect might have been the same. When they got over their amazement, they explained that there were still a few Russians in Agyagos.

"Now, do not worry," said one of the rebel soldiers—he was a fat little man with two grenades hanging from his belt. "There is a way to reach him." He walked away and presently he came back with a young farmhand who didn't live too far from Agyagos. "This one has a bicycle," the soldier said. "He will go." Quickly I gave him a note and a recent snapshot of my son. "Bring him to me," I said, "and I will pay you a thousand forint"—about forty dollars.

Away he went. He arrived at Agyagos at 9.30 and went straight to the farm of my father-in-law. Steve wasn't there. He'd gone to visit his friend Geza Horvath on the next farm. So his Aunt Aggie ran to fetch him. "Come! Come!" she said. "Your father is waiting at the border!"

"Don't make jokes," Steve told her. "My father is in Canada." Then Aggie showed him my note: "My son," it said. "Do not hesitate. Do not take anything. Just come as you are right away. Father."

After my messenger had left for Agyagos, I followed him for a mile until I came to a hilltop. There I waited.

Then I saw them. They came from the east out of a wood thicket, three dark figures on bicycles. I started trotting down the hill toward them. We were still a hundred yards apart when one of the three jumped from his cycle and ran ahead. Even before I heard him calling "Apti!"—"Daddy!"—I knew my son from his photographs.

I leave you to picture the scene, for the details are blurred in my own mind. We ran into each other's arms and toppled over into the snow, laughing and crying at the same time. No words can tell of my happiness.

The third cyclist was my brother-in-law. We talked together for five minutes and then said good-bye. He turned back toward Agyagos with the courier while Steve and I set out, arm in arm, to walk that last mile back to freedom. At the border the rebels cheered us and we thanked them for their help.

That night, back in Vienna, I wired my wife. "We are both safe and well." We had agreed before I left home that success alone would justify the cost of a telegram. If I failed there was to be only a letter, or perhaps nothing. As it was, I had only enough money left for one airplane ticket to London. So, leaving Steve with a friend of Catherine's in Vienna, I went there alone to borrow more from some friends. Next day the Red Cross flew Steve over to join me.

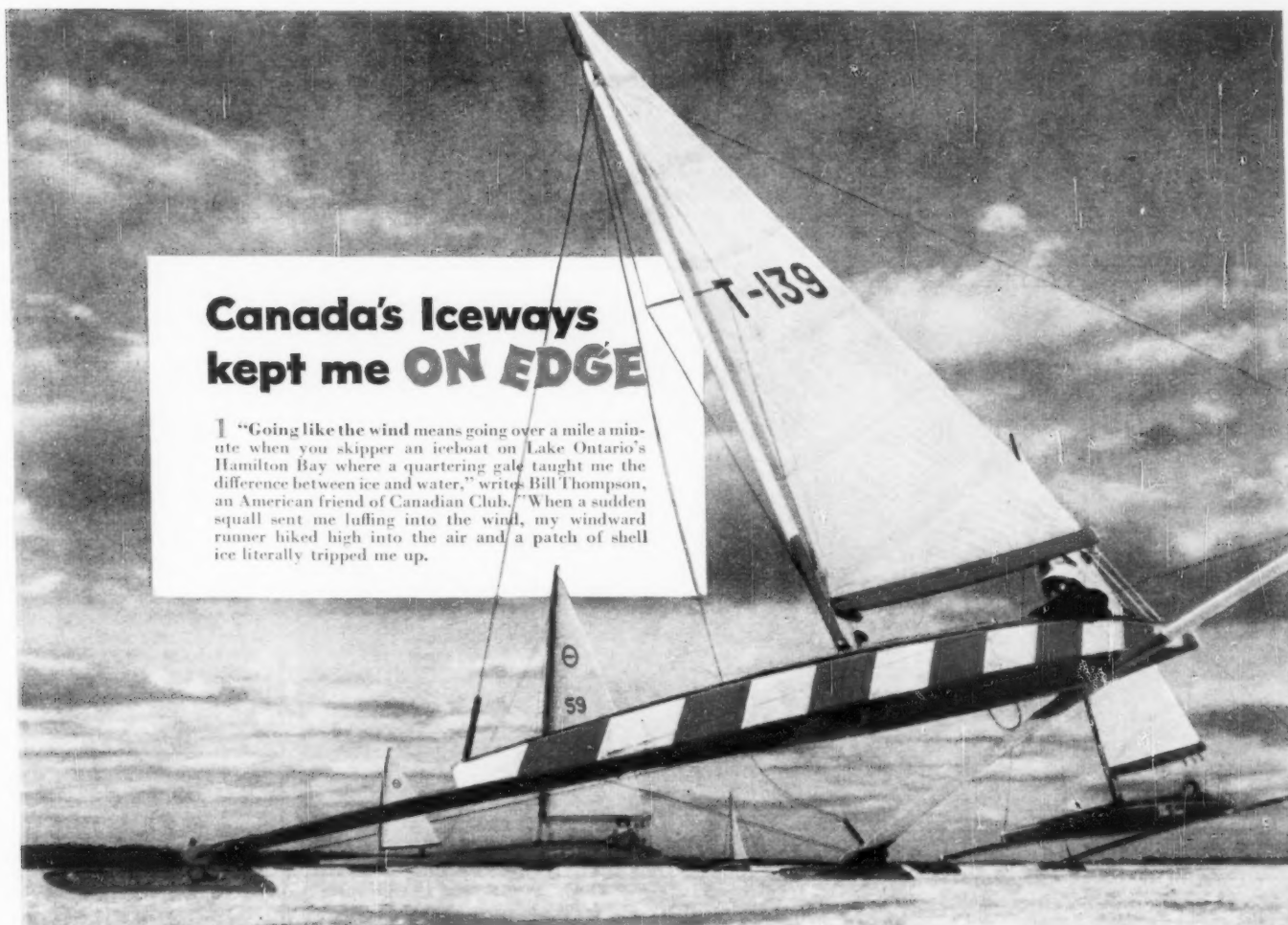
Now we are all together again in Canada. We have a small flat in the west end of Toronto, where most of our neighbors are European immigrants, like ourselves. Steve has a job and he goes to night school. Already he is learning to speak English and he is so pleased with each new phrase that he takes every chance to use it. Not long ago he walked up to a policeman, tipped his cap and said, "Good evening, sir." No matter that it was 11 a.m.—the boy is trying.

I, too, am having troubles with the tongue. The day after we arrived back from Hungary I took Steve down to the bakery to show him off to my boss, Max Harlstone. After all, Max had two hundred dollars invested in him.

Max was smiling all over when we walked in. "Well, well," he said, "and who is this young fellow?"

Do you know?—I could hardly answer him. Fifteen years I have been father to a boy, but still I am not yet used to being able to tell people, "This is my son." ★





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2 "At the starting line I'd had the sport figured as simply a frozen version of blue-water sailing. 'Much faster,' my host had said. Faster indeed. I was going 60 when that squall hit me."



3 "Over I went, falling out of the cockpit as four husky Canadians came skidding to my rescue. Resting on its fragile mast, my iceboat looked pretty funny. But it wouldn't have been so funny if her mast had snapped and crashed her hull 10 feet down on me."

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# Crisis 1957: Lionel Shapiro continued from page 9

## Dulles? "He'll pop out with something that raises our hair on end"

had been made to patch up an alliance all but shattered by Suez; they hoped they had succeeded in some substantial degree. And now they had been gratuitously snubbed in favor of a statesman who was not only a self-proclaimed out-

sider but often a detriment in the struggle to contain the spread of world Communism. Mr. Dulles' remark was likened to that of a man who tells his wife he won't be home because he's got to get barbered before taking out Zsa Zsa Gabor.

One embarrassed American (for want of anything better to offer) said, "It's just Foster's way of doing things. He's sometimes bullheaded." A delegate tried to reassure himself by saying, "He's a strange man. He can be brilliant, help-

ful, the soul of courtesy ninety-five percent of the time, then he'll pop out with something like this that raises our hair on end." Another said in an incredulous voice, "Why didn't he just say he was tired?"

Foreign ministers may have elephant skins when it comes to personal embarrassment, but they also possess the most delicate antennae when it comes to sensing straws in the wind. They remembered that Mr. Dulles had made another seemingly unwitting *gaffe* last August when discussing Egypt's seizure of the Suez canal. He had asserted that the United States couldn't go along with the colonial mentality of certain European powers. He later changed the official transcript to eliminate the observation, but Washington's subsequent action on Suez showed that the remark, far from being a careless choice of words, was an accurate forecast of American policy.

By the end of 1956, in all NATO capitals, there was frantic reappraisal of American policy.

Quickly recalled were other straws in the wind, all straining in a single, significant direction.

There was Vice-President Nixon's speech in Hershey, Pa., on Nov. 2 in which he made the statement: "... For the first time in history, the American people have shown independence of Anglo-French policies toward Asia and Africa."

### Sir Anthony was forgotten

At the NATO meeting there were two important developments. The first was Mr. Dulles' quiet but pointed pronouncement that, although he subscribed to the NATO "wise men's" report on close political consultation, the United States could not undertake to consult its Atlantic allies before taking military action. He cited American commitments in other parts of the world and gave Formosa as a specific example. The second development was a negative one to which many delegates attached great importance. During the week in Paris, Mr. Dulles conferred separately with Selwyn Lloyd and with Christian Pineau, but there was no meeting of the so-called Big Three. Nor was Sir Anthony Eden, then in Jamaica, invited to meet President Eisenhower although British representatives in Washington wildly hinted that such an invitation would be welcome.

After this came the Nehru incident and the Indian prime minister's reception in Washington with unprecedented pomp and circumstance.

What did it all mean? In the capitals of western Europe, the best-informed opinion held that the last half of 1956 had witnessed a convulsion in the political and power relationships of the western world, that a new era was at the dawn, that American policy would be predicated on:

(1) The downgrading of the U.S.-British-French relationship from the status of a world partnership to that of a regional alliance.

(2) The elevation of the uncommitted nations of Asia and Africa to a new status according them rights of consultation and consideration in Washington equal to those held by the west European nations including Britain and France.

(3) The incredible development of American power by flight and nuclear fission, coupled with a decline in western Europe's power, to the point where allies in the old, or early-1956, sense will soon no longer be an essential of American foreign policy.

In short, the United States is giving every indication that she proposes to move in a new and bold direction. She



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has apparently decided that her only chance of winning the mortal struggle against the super-power of the Soviet Union is to invoke to the full her own super-power. This would entail a virtual veto over the foreign policies of her European allies plus a vigorous politico-economic effort to influence the uncommitted and underdeveloped nations of Africa and Asia.

But with all the goodwill in the world, with all the compassion traditional to America, the program, if fully and successfully pursued, must inexorably result in a Pax Americana of the 20th century everywhere except in the shadow of Soviet guns.

The question therefore arises: can the western alliance be saved? Is it needed? Does the United States want to save it?

For the time being, the alliance has vanished; conceivably it is dead, certainly it is dormant. No one who was present in the Palais de Chaillot last December can have the slightest doubt that the channel of communication between Washington and London-Paris is effectively blocked. The role Mr. Dulles played was that of the stern but inherently kind headmaster who had decided it was not yet time to admit erring schoolboys Lloyd and Pineau into the full privileges of the school. And no one who has moved in political circles in Britain and France during the last two months can have any doubts as to the depth of the bitterness against the United States. It is the bitterness of the proud and the suddenly powerless, of the master who has been humiliated in his own house. And it cuts hard into British and French life at all levels and through all political persuasions. Even those who deplore the Suez attack make a clear distinction between this and what they consider the perfidy of the United States in organizing the world on Nasser's side and against Britain and France.

In an off-the-record talk with a distinguished British thinker, a man knighted for his civilian services to the crown during the last world war, I prefaced an observation by saying, "In view of the failure of the Suez policy . . ."

I was interrupted at this point. The man's face grew livid. "What do you mean, failure?" he demanded. "I didn't approve of the Suez attack but it never had a chance of being a success or even a failure. Where the failure came was in the assumption of the government that the United States would act as a friend, not necessarily as an approving friend, but certainly not as an outright political enemy. Can you imagine Britain and France organizing the world against the Americans in any given situation?"

It would be a mistake to attribute this new state of bitterness to the Suez misadventure. The highest officials both in Paris and London consider that Washington's decision to downgrade its principal allies was taken long before the Suez attack. They recall that Mr. Dulles subscribed to everything the British and French put forward during the fifteen-power negotiation on Suez and then quietly vetoed any effective action.

Indeed, the principal reason Eden and Mollet declined to consult Washington in advance of the Suez attack was precisely the fiasco of the fifteen-nation talks. They suspected they had been reduced to the level of minor, regional allies, and they sought to prove that they still reserved the right and possessed the power to implement their own decisions in certain parts of the world. They failed in this attempt. It was therefore much more galling for the British and French to admit defeat at the hands of Washington than it was to give back Port Said to Nasser.

One embittered Conservative told me:

"The reason Tony Nutting resigned as minister of state was not simply that he disagreed with the Suez policy. A lot of others disagreed and remained in the government. Tony is too ambitious to abandon the only party in which he has a political future. He thinks he sees the wave of the future when American policy will be dominant over Europe, and he's saving himself for the time a British prime minister will have to be more an American proconsul than a British leader."

In the light of these two immense obstacles, the fierce resentment of the British and French and the urge of the United States for a role veering on domination, is there a future for the western alliance? Can it ever be revived in its old intimacy?

The short answer is: not as long as present political conditions prevail in the world, not as long as the United States continues to grow spectacularly stronger and the British and French grow weaker. It is not so much a matter of personalities—time takes care of per-

sonalities—it is a matter of policy and power relationships. When the British and French learn to accept the realities of power, a natural intimacy will be revived, never the old partnership of equality of counsel around the conference table.

But political conditions change. They may change quickly and violently in this kind of world. Diplomats who look into the future can foresee conditions under which the western alliance can be restored to life and vigor with surprising promptness.

The alliance might be restored if the



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Soviet Union should make a move of overt belligerency in the near future.

This possibility is lively in the minds of the National Security Council in Washington. The Kremlin is deeply in trouble within its European empire. If the Polish and Hungarian uprisings spread to east Germany, the much-dreaded "war by miscalculation" may well become a reality. If this happens within the next two years, Washington will still need the British and French on any basis, even one of equality.

The fact is, the American technological

program that would free her from dependence on bases in western Europe is still many months short of accomplishment. The figure of two years is given as a rough estimate. At present the American deterrent, her capacity for massive retaliation, is based on a fleet of fifteen hundred B-47 bombers with a speed and range that still require European bases for full effectiveness. The program for a fleet of B-52s, with a range of seventeen thousand miles, is still in the early stages; only seventy-five of the machines exist. When this program is

complete, America will consider herself free of the foibles and sensibilities of her European allies. But this will not be until 1959.

Then too the alliance might be restored if the American plan for wooing the uncommitted and underdeveloped nations fails in its purpose of bringing them into her political and economic orbit.

The British and French (and doubtless the Dutch and the Italians) who have had a long experience with the newly liberated peoples of Asia and Africa are observing this phase of American policy

with interest not unmingled with inner amusement.

"We know these people pretty well," a British foreign-office official observed acidly. "We can't wait to see how Mr. Dulles gets along with them, especially with Mr. Nasser. They're in the honeymoon stage now. The American trousseau is still being admired and used. But wait until Mr. Dulles asks for a little quid pro quo—just a wee little one. The point is, of course, that Nasser can't give an inch. It's not only his job that's at stake, it's his life. Mr. Dulles will learn soon enough that he's not dealing with a responsible government in that part of the world, not even a responsible dictatorship. In the last analysis, he's dealing with government by mob. Will he get a Suez settlement out of Nasser? Or an Israeli settlement? He'll learn that Nasser can't give an inch and live. Nor can anyone else in Nasser's camp."

America's new intimacy with the Asian powers, particularly India, is of even greater interest to the former colonial governments of western Europe. Mr. Nehru is reliably reported to have told President Eisenhower that India considers Nasser's seizure of the Suez canal perfectly justified on the ground that the original treaty was signed during the colonial era and is therefore of doubtful legality. Europe wonders how this revolutionary theory, which may change the shape of the world, can be reconciled with America's policy of preserving the status quo.

All in all, there is a lively expectation in Europe that after a period of trying to negotiate with the Asian and African groups, the United States will be inclined to revive its old partnerships.

There is a final condition under which, Europe feels, the western alliance can be restored to something of its old standing. This can come about, according to the theory, if Canada uses her influence vigorously and skilfully to build a new bridge between her mother countries and the United States.

One of the remarkable developments at the last NATO meeting in Paris — remarkable because it was so obvious to those who attended — was the emergence of Canada's minister for external affairs as the most popular figure at the conference. Mr. Pearson was not the most powerful figure there; that distinction was clearly held by Mr. Dulles. But among the delegates he was the one man whose advice was consistently sought and often promptly accepted, the man who, in the words of Paul-Henri Spaak, "could have been elected by acclamation" if he had desired the post of secretary-general.

This was partly a tribute to Mr. Pearson's rapidly growing stature in the world of diplomacy, partly a recognition of the honors he carried out of the emergency session of the UN General Assembly in New York.

But mostly it was a recognition that in the rapidly changing pattern of power relationships Canada enjoys a claim on Washington that no other member of the Atlantic alliance can possibly hold. The time is rapidly approaching when the United States will no longer need the Europeans for the basic tenet of its defense policy, the capacity for massive retaliation. That time will never come for Canada. The nation's goodwill is essential for the continental defense of the United States. In the atomic age, geography has indissolubly married the North American nations.

This circumstance gives Canada a unique influence in Washington, above and beyond her economic importance, which is scarcely less vital.

How Canada uses this influence in re-

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lation to her century-old ties with western Europe will be watched by Britain and France with an interest akin to anxiety.

There is a test ahead for the abilities of Mr. Pearson that no diplomat envies him. ★



**Crisis 1957:**  
**Hugh MacLennan**

Continued from page 8

the stage was so crowded we couldn't tell villain from hero. It was worse than confusing. All we could recognize was that rounded sentences were being delivered in the accents of Oxford and Philadelphia and that the business was graced by reasonably polished manners. Yet not even Dickens in his most sardonic mood, or Swift at his most derisive, could have improved on the gentlemen who embodied, or at least represented, the nations called Britain and the United States at that particular moment of history.

The cabinet that assembled at Downing Street was admirably cast for the task it had unwittingly set itself. By birth, training, manners and position, no body of men could have been more suitable pallbearers for the British Empire. No less than ten of them had been educated at Eton, a school that has been training the sons of England's chief families since before Columbus discovered America. To the manner born and knowing it, the majority of the men in Eden's cabinet were members of families that had been part of the nerves and viscera of England for centuries. Statesmen sprouted like leaves in their family trees. The ancestor of one was chief minister to the first Queen Elizabeth; a later ancestor of the same man was prime minister at the pinnacle of Britain's glory. The forebear of one minister's wife was lord chancellor to Charles II. The First Lord of the Admiralty, son of a lord chancellor, at the age of nineteen had been such an expert classicist that he could turn one of his father's political speeches into Latin pronouncements as massive and accurate as Cicero's.

Together, the gentlemen belonged to the most exclusive and self-confident club in the most exclusive and self-confident society—at least until a few years ago—the world has ever seen. They had been prefects at Eton, men picked (the words are Dr. Arnold's who invented the prefect system) to be "judges in Israel;" from their schooldays it was almost impossible for them to believe that any other class of men could understand government as well as their own. If it was Khrushchev's instinct to reach for the club when somebody got out of hand, it was the instinct of the British Tories to reach for the cane. And reach for it they did. But while we watched, the practiced arm became suddenly atrophied—like the arm a man tries to flail in a nightmare—and after a few feeble strokes the cane fell rattling to the ground.

Also in the cast were the gentlemen in Washington, at that moment engrossed in a by-production of their own, a paralyzing election campaign that had exaggerated the least-admirable aspects of American public behavior. Never had there been a president so popular, or a vice-president so ambitious. They had been sold to the public by Madison Ave-



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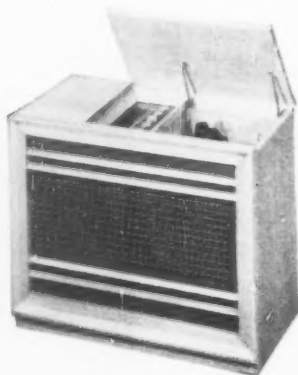
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## As Shakespeare might have cast the crisis

Nations, but not men, today could fill Shakespeare's heroic roles. Hugh MacLennan suggests in the accompanying article. But in many ways nations are typified by their leaders: "They murder for revenge; they cut off their noses to spite their faces; they stake their existence on a passing threat to a shaky prestige." MacLennan links no individuals. But here is Maclean's idea of how Shakespeare might cast them for their roles today.



### THE NATIONALISTS

They differ everywhere else but Henry V and Nasser are both militant and proud.



### THE CLOWNS

Russia's Bulganin and Khrushchev might be clowns from Measure for Measure—but "terrible clowns," says MacLennan, "gross and crafty."



### THE HARRIED

John Foster Dulles might appear to some as a modern-day King Lear—"the supreme father image" driven to distraction by his own kind.



### THE HAUNTED

Shakespeare might cast Eden as Hamlet. Says MacLennan: "Hamlet takes the law into his own hands on orders from a ghost of the past."



nue as the all-American family men, replete with wives, children, grandchildren, dogs, golf scores and healing operation scars, and for four wonderful years they had been making the American people feel cosy and comforted. Moving through a haze of prosperity and goodwill, adored by Life, Time and the women's clubs, proclaiming that God is good and Communism the devil, they had been too occupied at home to pay much attention to what the neighbors were up to. Foreign affairs, the president was heard to remark, was Foster's department.

Indeed it was. While the president rested from his operation and conversed with his golf pros, while the vice-president steadily improved his television personality, John Foster Dulles behaved like the man in the fable who flew too fast for a world that is round. You remember the conclusion—that soon he would catch up with himself in a rear-end collision, and never know that what hit him from behind was himself.

So the performance went on, and toward the end of the second act The Most Popular American discovered that the prefects in Downing Street had resorted to the cane without even informing the headmaster. There were smiles in the audience when the secretary of state, as constant a foe of sin as ever curled a lip, voted with the Russians against his own allies. But the cast refused to keep in character and lines that at first had seemed funny turned into cries of insecurity, anger and fright.

While the people of Budapest waited in vain for the American planes they considered the natural fulfilment of promises made by the Voice of America, another part of the stage was noisy with the reaction of Afro-Asian characters once described by Kipling to the English nation as "your" sullen peoples, half savage and half child.

What happened last fall is over. After the plays got out of hand and the stars had all fluffed their lines, the production disintegrated into aimless bickering and name-calling. The audience, stunned and shaken, sat in a stupor of fear lest the riot behind the footlights spill over onto their laps. Now the curtain has been rung down and we have a chance to find out what happened and what went wrong.

Now we can see what was obscure to us last fall. We were so intent on the struggle between Communism and democracy that we had overlooked the real theme on which the present world drama is based. It is encompassed by a single idea—nationalism. For years the Communists had insisted that their system was the only cure for the ravages of nationalism. We in the West had flattered ourselves that we had outgrown the compulsive behavior patterns it sets. Now all of us, ourselves no less than the Russians, understand that nationalism, far more powerful than the ideologies, remains the mightiest single political force in the world.

Let me return to the theatre and call on Shakespeare to help me unfold my final image.

The spirit of nationalism in action was one of Shakespeare's basic themes, especially in the tragedies and histories. His models were not ordinary human beings as we understand human beings today. They were made larger than life because their wilfulness was vastly magnified by the power they schemed for, fought for and wielded. They were the first nationalist kings of Europe—men like Henry VIII who had revolted against the Church, claiming that they ruled by divine right and embodying within their own persons and characters the political life of their time. In their minds and

behavior these superhuman creatures reflected most of the compulsions that drive the superhuman swarms we call nations today. Shakespeare, were he alive now, could not use modern individuals as protagonists for the kind of plays he wrote. But he could use modern nations. For modern nations, as unified ideas in action, have superseded the old supreme monarchs, the heads of state taking over the roles of courtiers, agents and advisers.

Modern national states, to greater or less degree, are just as solitary, just as

tragically bound in the cycle of pride and nemesis, and frequently just as irrational, as were the heroes of Shakespeare's tragedies. They even behave, to greater or less degree, identically. The extreme ones preen themselves like peacocks; they clap hands to swords at the slightest provocation; they alternate unctuous flattery of one another with threats, boastings and accusations. They murder for revenge; they cut off their own noses to spite their faces; they stake their existence on a passing threat to a shaky prestige. Incapable of trusting each other,

they crash without looking from one catastrophe to the next, and every so often one or two of them expire on a stage littered with corpses.

Shakespeare knew the causes of such behavior; we have only to substitute nations for kings to see the pattern plain. They behave as they do, he intimates constantly, because of ineradicable flaws in their personal characters.

The predominating impulse behind his kingly protagonists, he shows us, is a psychotic pride that refuses to be bound by any law in its dealings with other

## SPORTS HAVE CHANGED SINCE THE WISER DAYS OF 1857



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men. "There's such divinity doth hedge a king," declares the murderous king in Hamlet. For "king," substitute "nation."

Secondly, his protagonists are in the grip of forces they can neither control nor understand. Almost never are they in possession of enough facts to make a sound decision, which means they are at the mercy of their advisers. Some of their advisers are honorable selfless men—in every play, Shakespeare gives us an Horatio, a Banquo or an Edgar. But there is always a Cassius to put the

dagger into the hand of a Brutus, an Iago to subvert the mind of a trusting Othello, a Buckingham to abet a criminal Richard.

Thirdly, each powerful protagonist, whether king or general or potentate, is profoundly irrational. Macbeth believes in witches—and so do modern nations if the witches are labelled "Communism," "capitalism," "colonialism" or whatever the bugbear of the moment may be. Hamlet takes the law into his own hands on the orders of a ghost from the past—and so do modern nations, when

the ghost is a haunting memory of unfulfilled revenge.

The fourth and most fearful thing Shakespeare tells us is that in every ambitious organism there lurks a subconscious desire to kill the being to which it owes its life. Here he transcends nationalism: he goes right down to the bottom of the human barrel, and in so doing joins Sophocles in anticipating and inspiring Sigmund Freud. Hatred of son for father, of brother for brother, is normally suppressed to the subliminal depths in individual life. But

in the tragedies and histories of Shakespeare, in an atmosphere of naked power, it flares into the open in the slayings of father-kings, the sibling hatreds of royal brothers, the dreadful and often pointless crimes committed by royal bastards whose illegitimate birth bars them from the normal royal heritage.

Throughout these plays we can see how such obscure compulsions in the overcharged, ill-informed minds of the protagonists are played upon constantly by crafty agitators—as Nasser plays on the sovereign Egyptian mob, as Hitler played on the credulous *Herrenvolk*, as Lenin played on the illiterate Russian masses, as Tom Paine and Sam Adams played on the idealism of Americans.

Brutus is stirred by Cassius (in the name of course, of freedom) to carve the Caesar he loved—the Caesar whose title was "father of his country"—as "a dish fit for the gods." Buckingham urges Richard onto his bloody course of familial murder. The king whom Lady Macbeth persuaded her husband to stab resembled her father as he slept. Most terrible of all was the fate of the supreme father image in the entire Shakespearean cycle—the old, selfish, daughter-disregarding Lear. And from the seed of these crimes invariably sprouts a weed crop of guilt, which in turn poisons the happiness and then destroys the sanity of the momentary victor. "Wake Duncan with thy knocking!" screams Macbeth after the murder. "I would thou couldst!"

So there you have the real drama of this century of ours. There are the motives underlying a confusion of causes. Because the nations of the West grew and matured first, they stand in the inevitable relationship of father (in terms of might, maturity of institutions and aggressive power) to the younger sons of Asia, Africa and the Middle East.

Is it an excessive straining of analogy to describe the United States in this context—as the nation that set the pattern of economic life and industrial organization that every country in the world must follow if it hopes to succeed? It is on the bounty of the United States that dozens of nations depend for help and instruction in the period of their growth, just as it is also to the United States that old nations like France and England must look for protection and support in their failing age. Dependency does not make people love their benefactor, for benefactors have a way of forgetting, especially when time is short and the benefactor is busy acting out his own role on the centre of the stage, that tact and affection are better baskets for generosity than admonitions and rules for the behavior of their dependents. Is it any wonder if lesser nations should cry of the United States, as Cassius did of Caesar, that she bestrides the world like a colossus, and that the rest must peep about under her huge legs to find themselves dishonorable graves?

Nations, by their very nature in the modern world, are too proud. All of them are.

And how does the final act end, after various poisons have been drunk, swords fallen on, and the captains and the kings have destroyed themselves and one another? Shakespeare shows us a stage taken over by the lieutenants and the chamberlains, by the first and second gentlemen who had previously been confined to the wings. The Horatios who are not passion's slaves, the modest Montanos, the quiet Malcolms and Siwards—these usually come out on the stage at the end of the tragedy and pick up the pieces and, through the exercise of their wisdom and moderation, life is enabled to continue. ★

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## The Hungarians: What they mean to Canada continued from page 19

### After Hungary's five-hour leave to get married, Canada's five-day week is a worker's heaven

Canada, "accustom ourselves to good things easily." Right now, Canada's unrestricted freedom is baffling many of the refugees. Some still cross the street when they see a policeman; it's a habit they can't break.

The most valuable economic contribution of the Hungarian flight to Canada will probably be made by the nearly three hundred students and thirty professors of Sopron University forestry faculty. The group's move to Powell River, B.C.—sponsored by the newsprint-manufacturing Powell River Company with the academic co-operation of the University of British Columbia—will provide a badly needed source of professional manpower for Canada's pulp-and-paper industry. In 1958 and 1959 Canadian universities will be graduating only seventy new foresters. In British Columbia alone lumber operators estimate they'll require 110 new graduates a year for the next two decades.

Other Hungarian engineering students have found jobs with Polymer Corporation in Sarnia, with Abitibi Power and Paper Co., and in Toronto with International Business Machines Co. Ltd., Honeywell Controls Ltd. and Dow Chemical of Canada. Scholarships worth \$120,000 are being provided for sixty Hungarian students by seventeen Canadian universities.

National Employment Service officials not only predict that all the incoming Hungarians will get jobs, but say they will help alleviate this summer's certain labor shortages.

#### A new multi-million market

Three quarters of the immigrating Hungarians are skilled draftsmen, mechanics, factory workers, electricians and metal workers—occupation categories in priority demand by expanding Canadian industry. Canadians who have employed the refugees report that Hungarians have fitted well into Canadian shops. They don't approach labor with the tireless, methodical ambition of the Germans, nor the dull persistency of the Slavs, but seem to enjoy hard work without making it an obsession. They consider Canadian working hours marvelously short. Hungary's Communist-factory shifts were nine or ten hours, six days a week. Payless leave of absence was authorized only for the death of a relative (twenty-four hours) or to get married (five hours).

Because seventy percent of the estimated twenty-five thousand Hungarian refugees who may eventually come to Canada are single men under thirty, their influx will mean the eventual formation of at least eighteen thousand extra new Canadian households. By the time the Hungarians reach the living standard of the average Canadian family they will have bought, among other things, ten thousand new electric stoves, fourteen thousand refrigerators, a thousand home freezers, ten thousand radios and eight thousand television sets. They will be spending twenty-eight million dollars a year for food.

Canadian retailers are already preparing to satisfy the great Hungarian demands. Eaton's in Toronto, where most of the newcomers are settling, has hired ten full-time Hungarian interpreters and has fifty others on its city staff who understand some Hungarian.

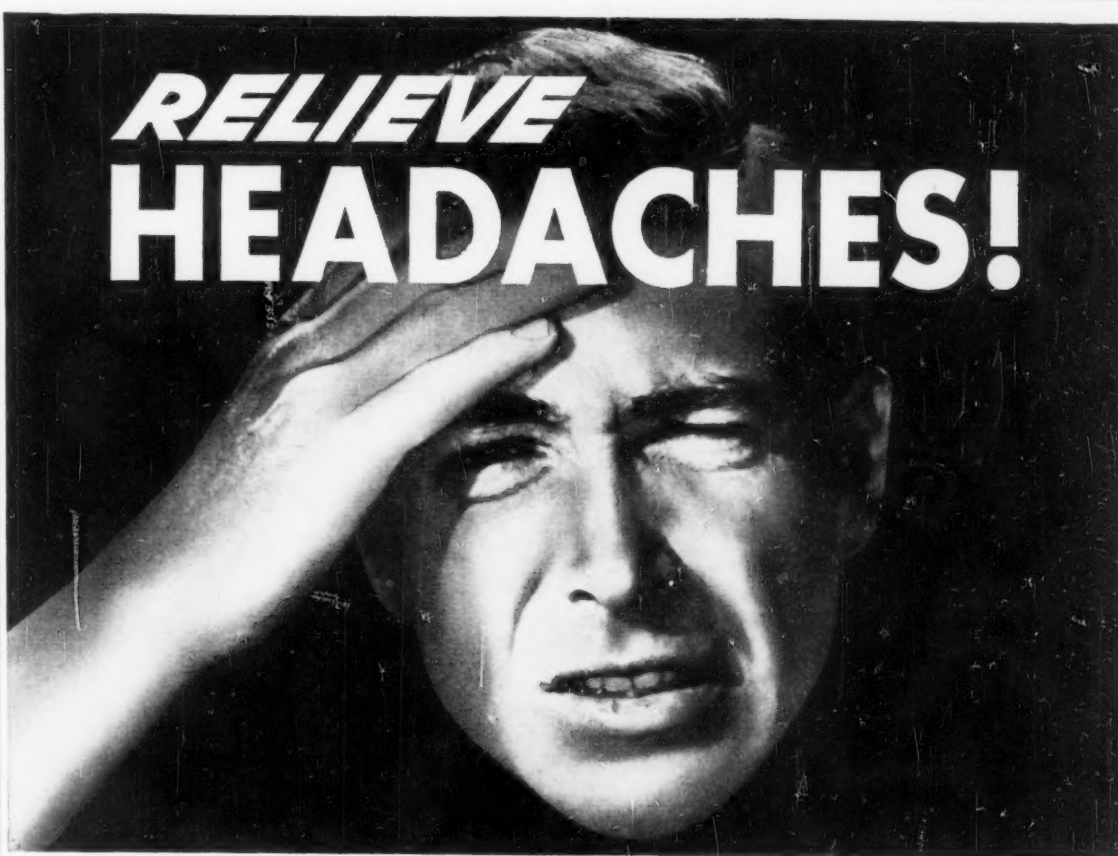
The first major purchase of many of

the newcomers is a television set, because they're finding the association of pictures and dialogue an aid in learning English. Even the programs they don't understand are a refreshing change from the propaganda-loaded fare of Hungarian

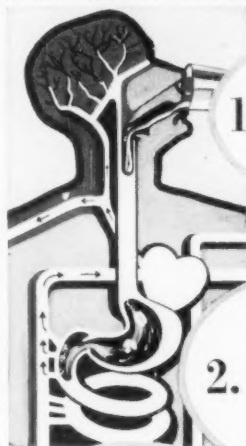
TV. Hungarian television started on June 1, 1954, with a half-hour description of the girls at a high school in Szekesfehar writing "peace letters" to Paul Robeson.

Canada's buy-now-pay-later merchant-

dising philosophy delights the new arrivals. Hungarians generally regard money as something to be spent quickly, preferably for entertainment. In prewar Hungary, titles, ranks and reputations meant more to a family's social status



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than its wealth. After toasts had been drunk on special occasions, the host of even the poorest peasant home couldn't resist leading his guests in the good-luck gesture of hurling the glasses into the fireplace.

This was one of the few customs common to most of Hungary's households. Before the 1944 Communist invasion made everyone equally miserable, the daily life of the Hungarian citizen depended almost entirely on his rank within the country's rigid class system. A man's status influenced his speech, clothing and

behavior. The housewife of a middle-class family considered it unnatural and degrading to do manual work, such as carrying shopping bags. Workers and peasants had few privileges. They had to take their hats off and bow when talking to anyone with a title and to kiss the hand of the parliamentary representative when he made his annual visit to canvass their votes.

In prewar Hungary one out of fifteen citizens had some kind of title. The small shopowner employing a dozen clerks had to be called "Mr. Director" and disk

jockeys insisted they be addressed as "Mr. Editor." Every university graduate could refer to himself as a "Doctor" and there was even a special designation for the headwaiters of Hungarian railway dining cars. The aristocracy had carefully graded titles ranging from "Your Excellency" and "Your Greatness" down to "Your Authority." The government published an annual directory of ranks and everything—including the order in which guests helped themselves to the goulash—was done according to this precedence. Before upper-class youngsters were al-

lowed to play together, their parents often studied each others' genealogical tables.

Because every member of the upper classes was unavoidably a "gentleman," elaborate codes operated for revenging insults against personal honor. Gambling debts had to be paid within forty-eight hours, but obligations such as tailors' bills were far less urgent.

To call a fellow aristocrat a jackass or something worse, or to be exposed after an unsuccessful assault on a lady's honor, usually meant a duel. Up to 1939 the penalty for killing a dueling partner was five days in jail, but few fights ended in death. To settle the debt of honor, an opponent only had to be pinked with a knife or sword. In 1937 one Budapest count invited all his living opponents to a party celebrating his hundredth duel.

The Communists confiscated all upper-class assets during the 1949 purges. The few nobles still remaining in Hungary have trouble getting even inferior jobs. They have become the dishonored buffoons of Communist humor. In a typical story, an absent-minded, threadbare aristocrat steps on a woman's toes in a Budapest streetcar. "You clumsy peasant you!" she shouts angrily. "My dear lady," he begs, "I would be infinitely grateful if you would let me have that in writing. I am on my way to try and get my son admitted to the university."

Few of the Hungarians now coming to Canada belong to former nobility, but the symbols of class distinction have been retained here by many of the earlier immigrants. An upper-class Hungarian in Canada almost always marries into the same level of a German or Baltic family. A Hungarian newspaper in Toronto once reported a speech by a former Hungarian aristocrat, who was introduced as "His Dignity, Noble, Valiant, Doctor, Hungarian Royal Colonel," but who had to leave the meeting early—in Canada he was a night watchman.



From Tokay grapes comes a nippy wine.

### The wine that pleased a pope

Hungary's lollipop-sweet wines were first internationally recognized in 1562, when the Hungarian delegate to the Council of Trent placed a sample jug on the pope's table. Pope Pius IV immediately ordered Hungarian peasants to pay part of the tithes to their priests in stipulated quantities of wine.

To most Hungarians wine is an essential part of every meal and social occasion. A good host offers a glass of wine to all visitors. "Even the worst wine," runs a country proverb, "is better than water."

Hungary's best vineyards are in the Tokay district—some thirty villages in the northeastern highlands. Natural grape-sugar richness is preserved through the shriveling of the berries on the vine. Tokay grapes look like dried raisins when they're picked, late in November. The orange-colored, nippy wines have a high natural alcoholic content.

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Class distinction in prewar Hungary was not limited to the ruling classes. There were separate social orders even among rural herdsmen. The *csikos*, who looked after the wild herds of horses on the great plains of Hungary, ranked much higher than guardians of oxen who in turn looked down on shepherds. Although serfdom had been officially abolished in 1848, Hungarian peasants were among the poorest in Europe. The census of 1928—the best year before the Depression—showed the Hungarian peasant's per-capita wealth was the equivalent of two cows. (The comparable figure for Canadians today is fifteen cattle.)

Before the enforced industrialization of the Communist regime, Hungary had six million peasants living in almost identical villages built around a castle or the bulbous towers of a church. The one-story cottages were inevitably white-washed, with their gable ends to the street. The liveliest meeting place was the *csarda* (country inn) and most villages had an adjoining settlement of gypsies. Hungarians tolerated the nomadic gypsies who lived by fortune-telling and horse-trading, but never wholly trusted them. In 1782 a colony of forty-five gypsies was beheaded on charges of cannibalism—later disproved.

Harvest festivals and weddings were the main diversions in the peasant's hard and monotonous life. A country wedding was preceded by a carefully contrived piece of play-acting in which the groom stole his bride from her parents. A toast to eternal friendship was served right at the altar and the groom had to clear a path from the church to his carriage by tossing out handfuls of coins. After an all-night dance, the couple was escorted home by gypsy fiddlers.

### No bonnets for single girls

The head of the peasant family in prewar Hungary was its uncompromising dictator. His golden rule frequently was the country adage: "Money is good when it is counted and woman when she is beaten."

Peasant dress incorporated a curious social code. Villagers knew that when a girl's parents gave her permission to remove the ribbons from her hair, she was officially inviting courtship, and there were automatically no sanctions against her for being caught kissing the boys. To attract dates and show off their domestic skills, peasant girls wore up to a dozen colorful petticoats heaped on top of each other, covered with an embroidered apron. Only married women could wear sunbonnets and headshaws. When a housewife began dressing in black she openly professed that she was getting old.

Even before last year's revolution, the Russians had found Hungarians the most difficult satellite peasants to subjugate into their communal farm system. The country's agricultural output declined so badly after the Communist occupation that wheat had to be imported, though Hungary was one of prewar Europe's grain-surplus areas.

To try to ease the communization of agriculture the Russians put farmers who professed communism in charge of many areas, instead of importing Red professionals. But this ignored the Hungarian peasant's instinctive hatred for oppression. One Hungarian refugee recalls a story told in his native village about a farm official visiting a local peasant to demand two thousand forints (about \$240) for a compulsory state loan. The peasant wanted to know who would guarantee the return of his money.

"Our great leaders, of course," was the vague reply.

"Yes, but what if they die?" the farm-



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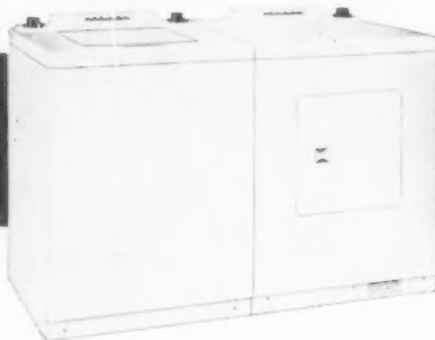
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er demanded, still not satisfied.

"Then the Party will guarantee your money."

"Yes, but what if the Party is dissolved?" the peasant insisted.

"You stupid lout!" the exasperated collector shouted. "Wouldn't it be worth two thousand forints for that?"

Communist attempts to industrialize Hungary's economy have been more successful. Most of Hungary's factories were included among the Hungarian-based German and Austrian assets that the Allies assigned to Russia at the 1945 Potsdam Conference. Two Communist five-year plans have since transformed the once agrarian country into a minor industrial power. Coal, oil, bauxite, iron ore, uranium and manganese are Hungary's chief resources, though little was shipped abroad, even before the Russians came.

Hungary's most valuable export has always been talent. H-bomb co-inventor Dr. Edward Teller, novelist-philosopher Arthur Koestler, U.S. newspaper magnate Joseph Pulitzer, violinist Joseph Szigeti, conductor Eugene Ormandy, film maker Alexander Korda and Hollywood's glamorous Gabor sisters represent the many Hungarians who have had to work in exile because of the country's incessant political troubles.

Probably Hungarian culture's best-known contributions are the lively airs of the country's frequently performed composers: Franz Liszt, the piano virtuoso whose Dante and Faust symphonies displayed a still-unequaled mastery of instrumental effects; Franz Lehar, the author of thirty gay operettas including The Merry Widow; and the moody pianist-composer Bela Bartok, who began composing at the age of nine and eventually wrote every kind of score from chamber music to folksong adaptations.

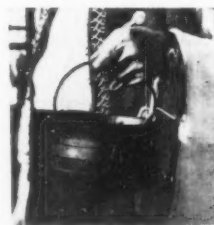
Hungarian literature was badly held back by recurring waves of government censorship. Probably the most important

classic in the language is Imre Madach's The Tragedy of Man, published in 1861. It's a dramatic epic about the rise and fall of mankind which ranks with Goethe's Faust.

Hungary's most prolific writer was Maurus Jokai. Some of his 1,154 novels have been published in twenty-five languages. Hungarian writers were always emotional, sometimes eccentric. George Bessenyei, an officer with the Hungarian Horse Guards, professed love so ardently in his plays and poems that he fainted from passion when he was introduced to his fiancée. When the Austrians arrested Francis Kazinczy and took away his writing materials, he spent a seven-year prison sentence scribbling in his own blood and with the rust of his chains dissolved in water. The best-known Hungarian dramatist is Ferenc Molnar, whose The Swan was recently filmed with Grace Kelly. The Broadway success Carousel was based on his play Liliom.

Self-taught Michael Munkacsy, who spent his early life as a poor carpenter, was Hungary's most famous painter. His greatest work is the religious canvas, Christ before Pilate, now displayed in Philadelphia. Hungarian artists were actively assisted by government commissions, not only for monumental pictures and sculpture, but with such practical assignments as designing the country's bank notes. Collectors consider prewar Hungarian paper currency Europe's most beautiful money, especially the rural scenes by the fresco painter Charles Lotz and the landscape artist Geza Meszoly.

Budapest was one of Europe's greatest art centres. The city's nineteen major art galleries housed an immense collection of Hungarian paintings, as well as two thousand invaluable old masters. Among the other art forms in which Hungary excelled were glass painting, tapestry, goldsmith work and ceramics. The rich, hand-painted Herend porcelain was seldom produced in duplicate patterns and



An iron pot says it's goulash

## If it's Hungarian food it's spicy

To Hungarians eating is an essential expression of their patriotic feelings. Hungarian cooks are as versatile as the Chinese and have festive meals according to each family's ancestral handwritten cookbooks.

The Hungarian housewife seasons her dishes with the piquant spice, paprika, much more freely than Canadians use salt and pepper. Some students of Hungarian history seriously contend that it's partly this constant dose of paprika that has given the Hungarians their spunk.

Food was prewar Hungary's biggest industry. Of the country's 4,364 principal manufacturing concerns, 1,159 produced food and drink. The great salami factories exported their

spicy products all over the world.

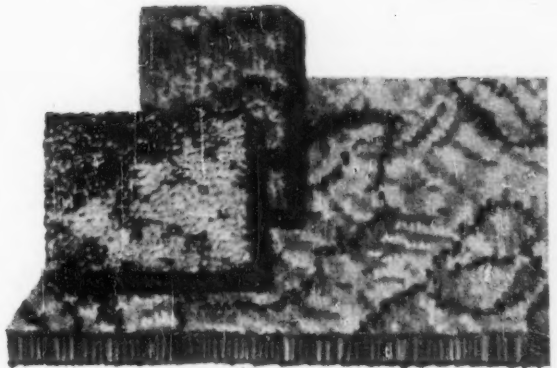
Hungary's national dish is goulash, a paprika-seasoned beef stew, eaten with long-handled wooden spoons from deep iron pots. Bernice Buklin, owner of the Csarda Hungarian Café in Toronto, prepares goulash with wine, caraway seeds and green peppers. For enough goulash to serve five, she browns two and a half pounds of stewing beef in lard with half a pound of finely chopped onion. Then she adds two pounds of potatoes, half an ounce of paprika, a green pepper, some salt and an eighth of a teaspoon of caraway seed. After the mixture has simmered for an hour, she pours in a generous amount of wine.



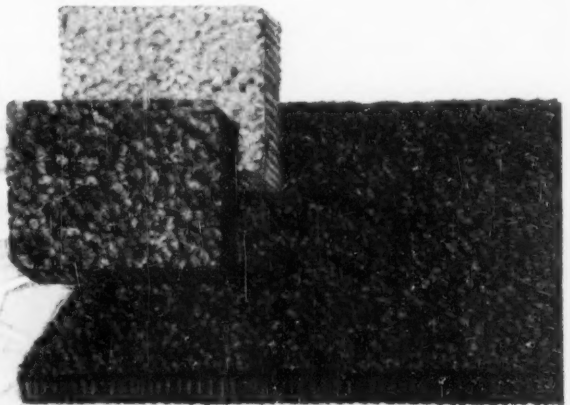
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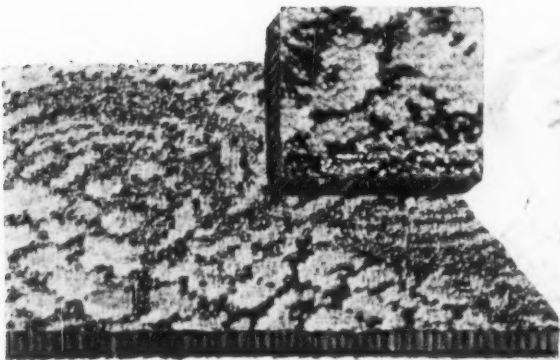
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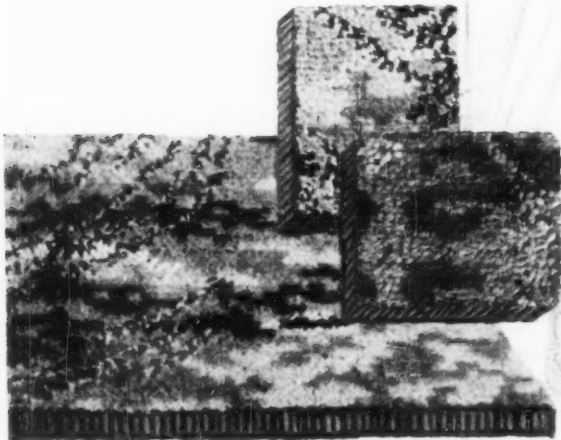
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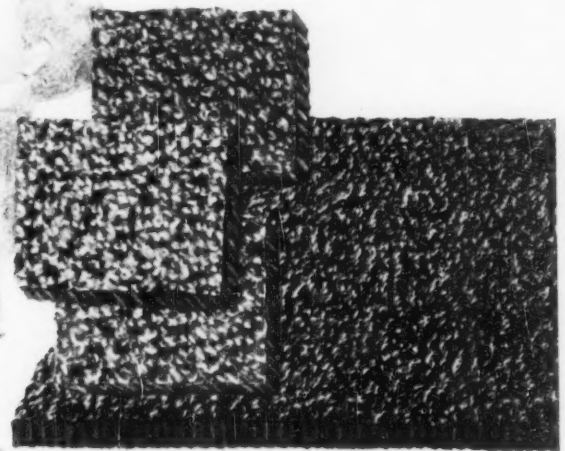
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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, FEBRUARY 16, 1957

## Here's what's kept the price of gasoline low



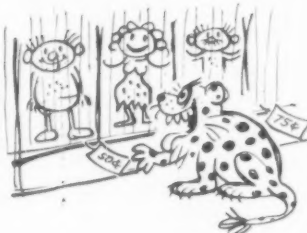
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## After beating the Turks, Mongols and Tartars Hungary lost freedom in a two-hour slaughter

it often took six months for an artisan to complete an order for half a dozen plates. Nearly all the meals of European royalty were served on Herend porcelain.

One of Hungary's heroes is Count Stephen Szechenyi, a culture-loving engineer-statesman who founded the Hungarian Academy of Science in 1825 to encourage the development of a Hungarian national literature. He also established Hungary's first steamship company on the Danube, formed Hungary's national horse-breeding association and supervised construction of the first great suspension bridge across the Danube River at Budapest. His insistence that aristocrats had to pay the toll nearly started a revolution. The versatile Count's efforts prompted the ancient Buda and the newer city of Pest to merge into Budapest in 1872. Pest, on the left bank of the Danube, was originally established as Buda's market town and grew to become the centre of Hungarian commerce. The combined cities increased their population by five hundred percent during the fifty years before World War II.

Hungary's capital was one of prewar Europe's gayest cities. Plays were staged nightly at twenty theatres. The Royal Opera Company, with a permanent company of twelve hundred, performed the best of Wagner, Verdi and Mozart.

The doleful refrains of gypsy violinists set the mood of Budapest's many coffee houses—where the most popular beverages were wine, and tea liberally laced with rum. Hungarian scholars gathered in these cafés for wit festivals, trying to outdo each other by naming all the popes in their reverse order of succession, or by reciting obscure poetry.

More than half of Budapest's land-

marks were destroyed during the fourteen-week Russian siege in 1944-5 and many other national buildings were devastated by Russian tankfire in last year's revolution. The Russian invasions were the last in a long history of assaults on Hungary.

The Illyrians, original settlers of the Danube Basin, were conquered by the Romans in 9 BC. In 896 AD, following invasions by Huns, Ostrogoths and Avars, the wild Magyar tribes—descendants of the Black Sea Scythians and the forefathers of the Hungarians—marched into the country out of Turkey. During the next three hundred years the Magyars successfully repulsed attacks by Ottoman Turks, Mongols, Tartars, Cumans and Petchenegs. But in a two-hour massacre at Mohacs in 1526 Hungary lost her independence for the next 160 years to the invading Turks. The defeat enabled the Austrians to claim part of western Hungary and in 1739 the Peace of Belgrade confirmed the right of the Austrian Hapsburg monarchy to ascend the Hungarian throne.

The Austrians treated Hungary like a rebellious, subordinate province. Louis Kossuth, an ardently nationalistic lawyer, had been urging Hungarians to break away from the Hapsburgs, when on March 15, 1848, Alexander Petofi, a sort of Hungarian Robert Burns, read his "national song" to a crowd of Budapest students:

Magyars, rise, your country calls you!  
Meet this hour, whatever befalls you!  
Shall we freemen be, or slaves?  
Choose the lot your spirit craves!

By Hungary's holy God  
Do we swear.



George Feyer

## How Hungarians are making good in Canada

Many Hungarians who have come to Canada since the war now run rooming houses and restaurants, because both businesses can utilize the spare-time labors of every family member. The most successful restaurateur has been Oscar Berceller, owner of Toronto's Winston Theatre Grill.

Some of the newcomers bought land in western Canada and more than a thousand farms in the Delhi, Ont., tobacco district are owned by Hungarians.

Hungary's immigrants have also made some significant cultural contributions. Eva von Gecsey, who arrived in Winnipeg in 1948 as a domestic, has become one of Canada's best-known and most versatile prima ballerinas. Geza de Kresz is a leading Toronto violinist. There are many former Hungarian academicians on the faculties of Canadian universities. The biggest representation is on the staff of the University of Montreal, where five Hungarian professors now teach social and physical sciences. Emile Walter, a former diplomat, heads

the eastern European section of the university's faculty of letters.

The most widely known ex-Hungarian in Canada is probably television cartoonist George Feyer. He had been doing animation work for Hungarian films when the Russians ordered him to draw posters of Stalin. Feyer was given a twelve-point guide on how to draw the dictator, including such directions as "his eyes should have no less than two and no more than five wrinkles, so that he looks benevolent but not old." All of Feyer's drawings were rejected by Communist censors who began to suspect that he wasn't enraptured with his subject. In 1948 he escaped and came to Canada.

His first job was stuffing mattresses at an east Toronto factory. He was fired after he accidentally dumped a load of feathers down an empty elevator shaft. He began drawing again and Maclean's was the first to publish his work here. Now he can't keep up with the demand. An example of his work can be seen on pages 20 and 21.



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Do we swear, that servile chains  
We'll no more bear!

The students captured a printing of-  
fice, drove out the Austrian censors, and  
drew up a manifesto (containing the  
poem) which was distributed all over  
Hungary, precipitating a revolt for in-  
dependence. (Petofi's poem was chanted  
again by students at the beginning of last  
year's uprising against the Communists.)

Kossuth intensified his campaign and,  
when an Austrian invasion was threaten-  
ed, became president of a free Hungarian  
Republic. His army turned back several  
Austrian attacks, but Czar Nicholas I,  
an ally of the Hapsburgs, invaded Hun-  
gary from the north, forcing Kossuth in-  
to exile.

The Czar's army slaughtered Hun-  
garian rebels at a rate that frightened even  
the Austrians. The Russians eventually

withdrew and Hungary returned under  
Austrian rule, although she was granted  
freedom to govern her internal affairs in  
1867. After the defeat of the Austro-  
Hungarian monarchy in World War I  
one third of Hungary's territory was  
divided up among Czechoslovakia, Ru-  
mania and Yugoslavia. The Hungarian  
economy was crippled through the loss of  
half its factories, much of the essential  
railroad trackage and Fiume, the only  
seaport.

When Hitler attacked Poland, Hungary  
refused to allow German troops across  
her territory, but the country was even-  
tually forced into the Nazi camp and late  
in 1941 declared war on Britain. During  
most of World War II Hungary was  
Hitler's least reliable ally and in March  
1944 German troops occupied the coun-  
try. They were driven out by the invad-  
ing Russian army. In the 1945 elections



The poet who foretold his own death

Alexander Petofi, a butcher's son,  
was Hungary's greatest lyric poet  
and author of the country's national  
song, which sparked both of Hun-  
gary's bloodiest revolutions. He en-  
rolled in the army at eighteen, was  
a strolling actor at twenty and Hun-  
gary's best-known poet at twenty-  
four. His plays and novels are now  
seldom read, but his poetry and his  
translations of Shakespeare's works

are among Hungary's best literature.

One of Petofi's poems predicted  
his later fame, another forecast the  
tragic crushing of Hungary's 1848  
revolution by a Russian invasion.  
In "One Thought Afflicts My Soul,"  
Petofi exactly describes the end of  
his life. He was trampled to death  
at twenty-six by Russian Cossacks  
during the battle of Segesvár, on  
July 31, 1849.

One thought afflicts my soul with dread:  
That I might snugly die in bed!  
There fading slowly like a blighted flower,  
Gnaw'd by a secret worm from hour to hour;  
Or wasting like a candle in the gloom,  
Standing abandon'd in an empty room.  
Give me not, God, so mild an end;  
From such a death my life defend!  
But let me be a tree that lightning crosses,  
Or that the twisting tempest tears and tosses;  
Make me a rock from mountain ramparts riven,  
That falls in thunder, shaking earth and heaven . . .  
For if earth's slaves their strength to wield,  
Should break the yoke and the field;  
If all down-trodden people should arise  
And write on scarlet flags with ardent eyes:  
"World liberty!" —  
And sound it forth from sea to sea  
Proclaiming that the despot's day is done,  
And gathering to the battle every one:  
There would I gladly die  
Amid the battle cry;  
There yield the last young drop of my heart's blood,  
Denouncing with my lips man's servitude.  
There may the clash of weapons drown my voice,  
The trumpet's note, the cannon's shattering noise;  
Upon my lifeless corpse  
Then tread the battle-horse,  
In charging on to triumph in the fray,  
Though I myself lie trampled in the clay.  
There let them gather up my bones again  
For some great day of burial on the plain,  
With mournful music solemnly and slowly,  
Draping their ghostly flags, committing wholly  
To one great grave the heroes who with me  
Fell for thy sake, O human liberty!





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### The music and mystery of the Hungarian tongue

One reason Hungary's many invaders have never been able to subjugate the country completely is that none of the conquerors managed to master the guttural intricacies of the Hungarian language. Hungarian belongs to the Finno-Ugric linguistic family, which also includes Finnish, Estonian and Lappish and has a distant kinship with Mongolian, Korean and Eskimo. Its structure and vocabulary don't match any other central European tongue.

Hungarians call their language *Magyar* (pronounced Madyar), a term derived from the name of the mythical Magor, brother of Hunor, legendary ancestor of the Huns. The English word "Hungarian" comes from *Magyar* through its German corruption *Ungar*.

The accent of most words is on the first syllable. There is no grammatical gender and no verb "to

have." Instead of saying, "I have a car," the Hungarian says: "To me is a car." As in Chinese, a Hungarian's given name follows his family name.

"In spite of its unusual difficulties of grammar and vocabulary, *Magyar* is one of the most musical languages in the world. Its numerous pure vowel sounds, its laws of vocal harmony, its sibilants and frequent soft consonants all help to give it a gentle caressing quality that is very effective in poetry," says Watson Kirkconnell, president of Acadia University, who is North America's best-known translator of Hungarian poetry.

The most peculiar characteristic of the language is its method of building up meaning through the addition of lengthy prefixes and affixes. Thus the phrase "to the most irreconcilables," becomes a tongue-curler:

LEGMEGEGESZTELHETETLENEBBEKNEK

the Communists received only seventeen percent of the votes, but by insisting on the formation of a coalition government, they managed to take over the Ministry of the Interior, which controlled Hungary's police forces. Leaders of the opposing Social Democrat and Smallholder parties were arrested. Soviet troops disobeyed the Allied Control Commission's withdrawal order and in 1949, following a typical Communist one-state election, crushed Hungary's remaining freedoms.

The Communists' greatest problem was Hungary's large and powerful Catholic community—some sixty-eight percent of Hungarians are Catholic and twenty percent are Calvinists. During the Communist-sponsored "agrarian reform" of March 1946 most of the church lands in the country were confiscated, eliminating most of the church's source of income. By 1952 the Communists' anti-religious campaign had taken such a powerful hold that a decree was passed making the enrolling of children for religious instruction official grounds for divorce of their parents.

#### Hungarians don't hitchhike

Most of the 12,680 Hungarians who emigrated to Canada between 1945 and the 1956 revolt arrived from other parts of Europe where they had been sent by the Germans. Twenty-six thousand Hungarians came to Canada after World War I. Large Hungarian settlements developed around Beverley Street in Toronto and along St. Lawrence Boulevard in Montreal. During the Depression one Hungarian farmer walked from Winnipeg to Toronto searching for a job. He found one and trotted back to Winnipeg. Then he walked to Toronto again with his wife and two small children. "Hitchhiking," he explained, "is for Canadians only."

Canada's first Hungarian visitor was Stephen Parmenius de Buda, a scholarly adventurer who accompanied Sir Humphrey Gilbert in 1583 during his initial exploration of Newfoundland. His Latin diary of the voyage was published by the famous English geographer Richard Hakluyt.

Three hundred years later a group of Hungarians who had emigrated to Pennsylvania's coal fields but didn't like their working conditions formed Canada's first

Hungarian settlement. The scheme was organized by "Count Paul d'Esterhazy," a mysterious character who was never quite able to prove his aristocratic background. The "Count" is now believed to have been a Canadian land agent called John Papp who tried to drum up business by taking on the name of Hungary's richest landowners. His most successful colony was in southeast Saskatchewan a few miles north of the Qu'Appelle River, just west of the Manitoba border. It took on Esterhazy's name and today remains the only place name of Hungarian origin in Canada.

The Canadian government later dispatched six hundred land agents into Austria-Hungary to recruit more settlers and the CPR operated a fleet of luxurious parlor cars on European tracks to bring them out to tidewater.

These early immigrants had time to plan their voyage to the new world, to study Canada's language, employment prospects and living habits. The refugees now arriving here are not just looking for jobs, but for a new way of life.

The Hungarian newcomers are determined to succeed in the country that has adopted them. Their potential contribution is disproportionately valuable to their number, because they will inject their belief that freedom is life's highest value into the taken-for-granted attitude toward personal liberty of most Canadians.

"As compared with Canadians who live comfortably in North American isolation, the Hungarians are animated by a mystique of freedom," says Dr. Watson Kirkconnell, president of Acadia University in Wolfville, N.S., who taught himself Hungarian when he was a young professor at Winnipeg and is now recognized as one of the world's leading authorities on Hungarian literature. "The Hungarians have lived dangerously for over a thousand years on the eastern doorstep of Europe, fighting again and again for liberty, and hence have developed a sense of nationality compared with which that of our similarly mixed population is still relatively faint and divided."

Kirkconnell sums up the feelings of many Canadians who have thought about the influx of Hungarians. "Their spontaneous struggle for freedom," he says, "shames our preoccupation with economic comfort and parochial triviality." ★



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# Crisis 1957: Blair Fraser

Continued from page 8

"An Arab nationalist seems to regret he has only one nose to cut off to spite his face"

nies' record here." But even if there is another side, this is the one that Iraqi believe. Dr. Jalili is a distinguished Iraqi economist who has written a book on the subject; his version of the exploitation of Iraq's oil is the accepted one in Iraq.

These are the things that come to a returning traveler's mind when he speculates on the future of the Middle East—on the chances of success for an "Eisenhower Doctrine" of military guarantees and economic aid, and on the prospects generally of restoring an effective Western influence.

It is a matter of urgent importance for all Western countries. This austere winter is providing grim proof of two things: how much the economy of western Europe depends on the oil of the Middle East, and how vulnerable is the supply of that oil. If anything is more easily blocked than the Suez Canal, it is the pipeline carrying oil through Syria and Lebanon.

Of course, when the oil is cut off the Arab supplier loses money as does the European consumer, but there is small comfort for Europe in this fact. The Arab nationalist often seems to regret that he has but one nose to cut off to spite his face. Moreover, he suffers a lot less from the amputation than a Westerner might think.

For example, when the pumping stations on the Syrian pipeline were dynamited and put out of action for months,

the Syrian state lost one fifth of all its revenue—that is what oil royalties had been paying. But, as a foreign-office spokesman explained to me in Damascus, this lucrative arrangement was less than a year old. Before November 1955 the pipeline had paid Syria only a trivial sum, and the Syrian government had not yet adjusted itself to the higher-income standard. It was easy to carry on as if the new oil deal had never been made.

Before I went to Damascus I found it baffling that the pumping stations should have been dynamited, when a simple turn of a valve would have cut the flow of oil for as long, or as short, a time as Syria liked. In Damascus I heard several explanations, and in Damascus they all sound plausible.

One is based on the fear of attack. Syria was still occupied by France only ten years ago, by an agreement made with Britain in 1916. Some observers think the Syrians were afraid that if they were to cut off the oil by a mere command, the French would be tempted to reoccupy the country. By blowing up the pumps and making the cut irrevocable, they fancied that they reduced this danger.

Another more plausible explanation is that the Arab nationalists who blew up the pumping stations did not trust their own government in Syria. Governments do not like losing a fifth of their reve-

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nue, and might be tempted to let the oil and the "blood money" continue to flow.

But why was it reckoned so important to shut off the oil at all? Why should any Syrian insist that his government deprive itself of twenty million dollars a year, merely because another country—even a kindred country—had been invaded?

That question was answered by the foreign minister of Jordan: "We have only one nationalism and only one nation—the Arab." To the nationalists of the Middle East it was not a neighbor, it was their own "one nation" that was invaded last fall. To go on selling oil would have been trading with the enemy.

The temptation to trade with the enemy might be stronger if more individual Arabs could feel any benefit from it. In fact, few can.

In Baghdad, capital of one of the richest countries of the world, the casual visitor sees almost as much evidence of poverty as in Karachi, the capital of destitute Pakistan. Spokesmen for Iraq say the wage level is higher there than in other Arab countries, and that skilled labor is flowing there from Syria and Lebanon; they say there is "no unemployment" and a rising standard of living. All this may be. But it takes no more than a walk down Raschid Street (named for Haroun al-Raschid, the caliph of Arabian Nights) to show that the incidence of trachoma is higher, and the incidence of shoes lower, than in other cities even of the Middle East. There may, as they say, be "no unemployment," but there are ten or a dozen full-grown men squatting beside the main bridge across the Tigris, hoping for a chance to black a tourist's shoes.

#### Economic threats won't work

In a few more years the investment of larger oil royalties may bring a noticeable improvement in these conditions. So far it has not. Oil revenues are paid to governments, and Middle Eastern governments tend to be both incompetent and corrupt. The plight of the poor has not changed, and those who do feel advantages are neither numerous nor admirable.

So Lesson Number One that the traveler learns in the Middle East is: no amount of economic aid will buy the support of the nationalist movement.

Lesson Number Two is an extension of this: economic threats will not scare these people either. It is the rich who are afraid of poverty, not the poor. Nothing can make the Oriental peasant much poorer than he is, and he has tolerated his present way of life for centuries.

Nothing can quickly make him much richer either; change in any direction will be slow. But enough has been done already, in all the underdeveloped countries this side of the Iron Curtain, to give us a clear Lesson Number Three: don't expect any Eastern country to be grateful for such help as the West may give.

Gratitude is not the commonest or the easiest of human virtues anyway, as the United States has learned on every continent since the war. Eastern countries have another reason than ordinary human frailty, though, for being less than overwhelmed by Western generosity. Eastern countries tend to regard economic aid not as charity but as restitution.

Jawaharlal Nehru, in his book *The Discovery of India*, sets forth the interesting thesis that the loot of India provided the financial capital for the industrial revolution in Europe. He gives



## Princess Margaret's three choices

What does the future hold for Princess Margaret? Now twenty-six, she stands at the threshold of three choices. Which will she choose? Read in February *Chatelaine* what lies ahead for our talented and vivacious young princess.

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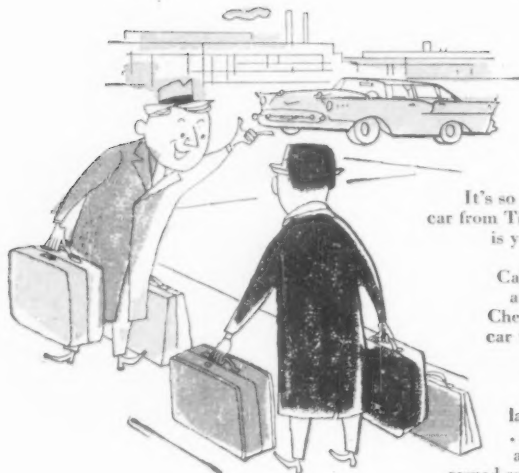
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figures; I am not enough of an economist to judge them. It is a fact, though, that even now "the wealth of the Indies" is a standard metaphor for vast riches, and that not much wealth is left in India.

The Middle East has even sharper cause, because more recent, to feel the same way. The oil wealth of Asia Minor is more than merely valuable—it is invaluable to the whole economy of Europe. Europe has a standard of living surpassed only by North America. Asia Minor has a standard of living than which only the most primitive is lower. This contrast is now being realized, and the first reaction is bound to be resentment.

So we can draw one more corollary as Lesson Number Four: don't assume that the immediate effect of any rise in living standards, or any spread of popular education, will be a greater sympathy with the West.

The notion that Iraq is our friend because Iraq makes good use of oil revenue is not only wrong, it is the opposite of the truth. Oil or no oil, Iraq is still a very backward state, many years behind Syria and Egypt and Lebanon. The strength of Nuri as-Said's pro-Western government lies not among the educated few, nor among the urban mobs that have "no unemployment;" it is among the ultraconservative feudal landowners who can still command the unquestioning obedience of tenants who don't know any better.

The educated few provide Nuri's opposition. It was the students, egged on in some cases by teachers and professors, who set off the riots against the Baghdad Pact after the attack on Suez. Fifty-nine Baghdad policemen were injured by stones thrown from the roofs of secondary schools, and the government had to close the schools to restore order.

**Hunger is nothing new**

There is no direct relation either between a government's internal stability and the material welfare of its people. Syria is in fairly good economic shape by Middle Eastern standards—no surplus of population, no shortage of foreign exchange, a modest but rising standard of living. Yet Syria in ten years of independence has had five *coups d'état*, and continues to wobble along as a shaky democracy heavily dominated by the army. Egypt, on the other hand, has economic problems as desperate as any in the world. It has been estimated that half of Egypt's twenty-two million people are "economically redundant"—that is, the country would produce just as much if they weren't there. Unemployment, underemployment, lifelong hunger and appalling disease are the order of the day in Egypt. Yet Egypt has the only really popular leader, the only really stable government, the only united and disciplined people in the whole Arab world.

Evidently wealth alone will neither solve the problems nor slake the thirsts of an emerging nationality. There is no reason to suppose that "economic aid" alone will do more.

What the brown man wants more than anything else is not dollars, but dignity. He wants to be accepted as a free and equal human being. In the world-wide political contest now being waged between free and Communist nations, the side will win that satisfies this emotional need.

The free nations have a tremendous advantage in this contest simply because they are free. Hungary and Poland have proved what once was a mere opinion—that Communism cannot toler-

ate, or emulate, or even imitate freedom, that it must dominate absolutely in order to survive.

This object lesson has not been lost on the new nations of the East, even those we most suspect of being "Communist stooges." In Egypt, for example, the French-language newspaper of Cairo had a quaint and revealing headline on the story that Russia had withdrawn its offer of "volunteers" in Suez. "The retreat of the troops of aggression from the canal," said the headline, "eliminates the problem of the volunteers."

That doesn't sound like a wish for the Russian bear's embrace. But Westerners have to remember, all the time, that in the actual and recent experience of Eastern countries the West, not Russia, has been the object of fear.

It was Britain and France, not Russia, that parceled out Syria and Iraq between them by a secret agreement in 1916, and were only forced out after years of bloody fighting. It is France, not Russia, that now holds captive Arab lands in North Africa. To many an Arab the Anglo-French attack on Suez was not at all out of character, but merely confirmed his expectations.

Even the United States, which has held no actual territory captive, has oil to exploit and bases to safeguard all over the Orient. Most people do not differentiate between the officials and the businessmen of any country. Much of the oil of the Middle East is owned by "the Americans," who get credit for recent profit-sharing agreements but get blame for some of the stingy leases that preceded them.

Thus even before the attack on Suez, and of course much more since then, the West as a whole had ground to make up with the nations of the East. Economic and technical aid have helped to make it up, and will be an essential part of the effort for a long time yet. But these alone are not enough.

More important, and more difficult, is to treat the nations of the East as equals and their citizens as men like ourselves.

It is more difficult because in fact the nations of the East are not equal. In every material respect they are vastly inferior, not only in wealth but in competence. No Eastern country is competent in twentieth-century techniques except Japan (which is not an entirely welcome exception to those who remember Pearl Harbor). No Eastern country knows how to maintain modern standards of public health. No Eastern country has a literacy rate to compare with the advanced nations of the West.

Many Eastern countries lack maturity in other ways too. The Arabs, for example, persistently refuse to accept the consequences of their own acts and policies—they demand simultaneously the rights of belligerents and the immunities of a protected peace. What would we think of the heroic Hungarian refugees if, having escaped from their own country, they were to set up camp on the Austrian border, demand to be fed and housed indefinitely at others' expense, and expect also to be allowed to slip across the border with rifles at night and take pot shots at the Russian guards, condoning this pastime on the plea that they are exasperated at the sight or thought of their own homes in the hands of strangers? Yet this is what Arab refugees on the Israel border have been doing for nearly nine years, encouraged by all Arab governments.

It is no easy task to deal successfully with such peoples and such governments. It calls for heroic exploits of patience, of firmness, of informed and sympathetic judgment. But somehow it must be done, or the free world will lose the Orient. ★





## London Letter continued from page 4

**"The Soviet's moral position is desperate — so desperate we should be prepared for anything"**

ment who is almost as significant as Bevan, and I think you in Canada should be made aware of him. I refer to Frank Cousins, who at last year's Trades Union Congress conference was elected as the big boss of the TUC.

It was at the conference that Frank Cousins made one of the most foolish utterances of 1956. Harold Macmillan, as chancellor of the exchequer, offered to journey to Brighton to address the conference, which drew from Mr. Cousins the stupid comment, "What does he think this is—a film festival?" When, in return, the Society of Company Directors invited Cousins to address their annual conference, Brendan Bracken resigned from the society.

Both events were so foolish that I took a chance and invited Cousins, whom I had never met, to lunch at the House of Commons. He accepted at once. With some curiosity I awaited his arrival at the appointed hour. To my surprise he turned out to be a tall, slim, thoughtful-looking man in his late fifties who might have been a professor or a philosopher. His voice was attractive, and his mind was both alert and well-informed. At my request he told me of his boyhood when he worked in the coal mines. "Could you not get any other work?" I asked. "Oh yes," he answered, "but I could earn more in the mines."

This was really something new. The most cherished grievance of organized labor is the story of the mines, and here

was a man without any resentment at all. More and more, it was difficult to associate him with the brashness of his insult to the chancellor. Therefore, I predict that under the leadership of Frank Cousins we shall see better accord between employers and workers than has existed for a long time. The strain will be great but Britain is fortunate that in this man we have a trade-union boss with a realistic approach to the problems of the nation.

Yet it is demonstrably evident that in the year 1957 the great issues will not be national but international. No nation, not even the United States, can avoid the tempest that is sweeping the world at this hour.

It is hard to believe that less than a year ago I had the doubtful honor of shaking hands with Messrs. Bulganin and Khrushchev at a parliamentary reception. Khrushchev looked like a suspicious rake but Bulganin could have passed for Father Christmas in a pantomime. How long can they hold the reins of dictatorship in a Russia that is hated, distrusted and feared by the whole world? If we could answer that question we could indeed see into the future.

Hated by her satellites and distrusted by Communist China, Russia faces the enormous strength of Western Europe, Britain and the U.S. Nor can the Russians have forgotten they once went down to defeat at the hands of Japan. The moral position of the Soviet is desperate,

so desperate that the western world should be prepared for anything.

Every decent man and woman must feel deep shame at the spectacle of helpless, unorganized Hungarians choosing torture and death rather than slavery. It is at once an inspiration and a challenge to the civilized world. What can we do? Are we to stand by and do nothing more than give food and lodging to the orphans of the storm who make their way to freedom and loneliness?

### What's the UN been doing?


Once more, because there is no alternative, we must turn to the United Nations Organization. Has it a voice? Has it any real strength of purpose? Is it nothing more than a debating device to give respectability to inaction? How promptly the United Nations gathered in London to discuss the pilfering of a canal! How silent it has been as thousands of men, women and children have been murdered because they chose death rather than slavery! The atom bomb is not the answer, but could we not have told the Russians that the United Nations would take over the administration of Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Poland until peace and decent life for the people were assured?

There are decent people in Russia, millions of them, who live and love and die like the rest of us. Hatred and destruction are not enough, even though

they are deserved. Let President Eisenhower demand a meeting with the Russian dictators. It might well be that Bulganin and Khrushchev would accept, for they must know that their time is short. But, in the name of civilization and human decency, let us not stand aside and merely mumble our disapproval. Even Napoleon said that the moral would always outweigh the material. Then, in the name of civilization, let the nations speak and demand the liberty of the human spirit. No nation, nor any combination of nations, can withstand the moral force of the civilized world if we give it strength as well as words.

Great days and terrible days lie ahead of us in 1957. Let us look at the assets and not merely at the liabilities. France, Germany and Britain, historic enemies of the past, have become friends. Over the seas are the British family of nations and the gigantic power of the United States. Are these mighty bastions of freedom so impotent that they cannot raise a hand when human freedom is put to the knife? Surely what Tito did with his meager strength is not beyond the power of the civilized world. Before 1957 has run its course we may be able to see the shapes of things to come. If to our own selves we are true, then it must follow as the night the day that we cannot be false to nations that are bleeding in the cause of liberty.

The year of fate is upon us. ★



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# Mailbag

## Should Canada lead the Commonwealth?

**Beverley Baxter** says America is No Longer Our Ally (Jan. 5). Does he think this will make Americans sad? What kind of ally is a third-rate power? What kind of help can you expect from a nation that was not able to cope with an eighth-rate power: Egypt.

For the first time in its glorious history there is not a single first-class power in the British Commonwealth. If there is ever again a first-class power in the Commonwealth, it will be Canada. Since England is decaying the machinery for the Commonwealth should be transplanted to Canada.—**ELBERT DUGAN, HUNTSVILLE, ALA.**

● I was pleased to see Baxter take President Eisenhower across his knee and smack his bottom. A few strokes of the cane is also good for the prime minister of Canada.—**W. R. EASTWOOD, MENAIX, ALTA.**

● Why not alternate Baxter with a wild Communist or an Eastern mystic?—**H. LANSDELL, BUFFALO, N.Y.**

● It was a sorry thing to see the hitherto admirable Lester Pearson shrink to the role of apologist for Mr. St. Laurent.—**ROBERT MACMILLAN, CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.**

● With you 100%.—**TOM KILSHAW, BLOOMSBURY, ALTA.**

● Baxter has written clearly and fearlessly of Britain's true reasons for her action in Suez. Eden should have had our wholehearted support and encouragement for his daringly brave stand in the face of the stupid inaction of not only our country, but of the UN.

Hundreds of Canadians hung heads in



shame at our government's silence and inaction when it should have stood back of Britain.—**F. B. MACINTOSH, TORONTO.**

● Why don't you get rid of Baxter?—**ROBERT MCTAVISH, SAULT STE. MARIE, ONT.**

● If Baxter's masterly summing up of Suez does not open our eyes to the smugness of our leaders nothing will.—**ERNEST M. WALLIN, RED DEER, ALTA.**

● I was ashamed of Canada when she turned her back on Great Britain and stood with the United States.—**MRS. F. DAW, WEST VANCOUVER, B.C.**

● "One thing is certain—Great Britain will no longer take its foreign policy from America." How foolish can a smart man be?—**J. T. LINDLAND, CALGARY.**

### Too many rools at skule

Dr. Edmund Carpenter's 4thrite artikl on gramr (Grammar is Snobbish Nonsense, Jan. 5) s a gem. How odd he din yus sensbl abreevecayshns instda ol redunent English. Afr awl rittn English s "an archaic form" n we mus do sumpn abowdid b4 s 2 L8. Nawl s nonsns bout punghewayshn n speln—les all go bak 2 th midl ages n spel wurdz thway thsoun. We mise wel rite thway we speak—"Slurvian" a guy cald id dudder day. Y doan we do like the doc sez n tro oud aw dem stoopid ole rools?—**C. HOGAN, EDMONTON.**

● No wonder teen-agers are such an ungovernable lot. They know no law—moral, spiritual, civil, criminal, or grammatical. Grammatical law is nonsense. If



a person can wave his arms, shrug his shoulders, raise his eyebrows, wink, whistle, grunt, groan, laugh, jeer, weep and wail, why should he learn the laws of grammar—much less, obey them?—**H. JACKSON, EDMONTON.**

● Dr. Carpenter condemns grammar but the strange thing is that he follows grammatical rules that transformed what would otherwise have been a hodgepodge into coherent language.—**PERCY B. KEEFER, REGINA.**

● Boy was I glad to rede wot u write about profs wich dont no nuttin bout english. I C U R Y Y 2 M.—**DONALD CAMERON, SASKATOON.**

● Soon we shall be able to give full marks to the pupil who writes such stimulating sentences as "If youse guys had of scrambled like I told ya youse wouldnt of been picked up by da cops see." Furthermore, as our crusade progresses, the sentence may even be modified thus: "Fyouse (gesture) had of (gesture) like I told ya youse wouldnt of been (gesture) by da (rude gesture) see."—**H. C. HARDWICK, OAKVILLE, ONT.**


### Retreat from the suburbs


Three cheers for Hugh Garner's You Take the Suburbs, I Don't Want Them (Nov. 10). I agree with every word. Give me the anonymity of a big city, where you don't know your next-door neighbor, where it matters not a whit whether your house has been redecorated and where

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bridge-playing isn't the only way to spend an evening. — MRS. R. B. FULLERTON, KITCHENER, ONT.

#### The meaning of the scrolls

In his interesting article, What the Dead Sea Scrolls Mean to the Christian Faith (Dec. 22), Eric Hutton states that "It was Paul who finally declared boldly that Jewish religious law was outmoded and that the faithful followers of Christ need no longer be bound by it." I was educated to believe that no Christian is free from obedience to the moral commandments contained in the Mosaic Law.

If Paul had taught that any commandment of God had been abrogated or annulled he would have brought himself within the condemnation of Jesus Christ when He said: "Whosoever shall break one of these least commandments and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven" (Matthew 5:19). — W. MADELEY CRICHTON, VANCOUVER.

Mr. Hutton points to Paul's Epistle to the Galatians (Chap. 3:23 et seq. Chap. 4 and beginning of Chap. 5) as "a specific denial of obligation to obey essentially Jewish religious practices." Bible authorities like Dupont-Sommer and Prof. Teicher, he says, refer to Paul's action as "an accepted and generally known fact."

● The Dead Sea researches may determine eventually whether Pauline Christianity may be repudiated and replaced by the Essenian Judaism of Jesus the Essene. If so, what a revision and evolution must ensue in Christian doctrine!—WILLIAM C. PARTRIDGE, TORONTO.

#### Will Whalley's stamps be famous?

Artist Peter Whalley is to be congratulated for his suggested postage stamps for Canada (Jan. 5). Who knows? Whalley's affixed commemorative stamp may become as valuable as the 1856 one-cent British Guiana, worth \$50,000.—LINACRE BUTCHER SR., WELLINGTON, B.C.



Whalley stamp on reader's letter.

#### What makes a male supreme

After reading the panel discussion, What About Women? (Dec. 8), one is forced to the melancholy conclusion that the mentality of the female of the species compares unfavorably with that of the male. But perhaps it may be premature to expect anything spectacular from a sex only recently attaining status as human beings.—PEERS BOULT, ROYSTON, B.C.

● I've always felt women are women's greatest enemy. They coddle and cater to the man-child and make him the adolescent autocrat he becomes. Women look

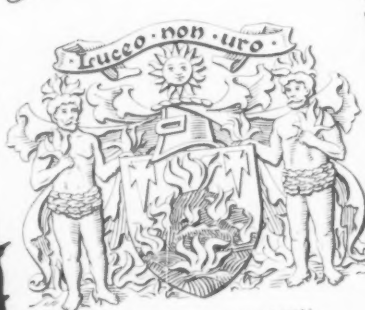
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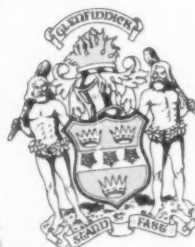


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...kance at the "career" woman and throw suspicion on the motives of any woman who won't subscribe to the herd psychology by which woman must bow to her husband and master. Women want male bosses and male doctors . . . I have a suspicion that woman will only be emancipated when man forces independence upon her to free himself of unwanted burdens.—MURIEL MILLER, LAKEFIELD, ONT.

#### Was it "folly" in the Suez?

Your description of British action in Egypt as "callous and dangerous folly" in your editorial, *We're Not Really the Heroes of Suez* (Dec. 22), is not based on fact. Unsuccessful it certainly was, and it has been termed misguided. We in Canada, however, can afford to be more generous.

Canada did extremely well out of the last war; Britain lost her shirt. Yet if it had not been for British expenditure of blood and treasure the prosperity of Canada could have been a different story. The postwar successes of the U. S., India and even Russia have followed the tremendous British war effort. Yet little attempt has been made by any country to guarantee the vital Suez link upon which the life and future of Britain depends.—W. E. BLOSS, THORNHILL, ONT.

#### A place for hoarded millions

Blair Fraser's *Backstage* (Dec. 22) asks: Where Can Ottawa Spend its Hoarded Half-Billion? How about on old-age pensioners who up to date have received no extra help in spite of the rising cost of living. Ottawa has sure passed them up.—J. BATT, PORT WASHINGTON, B.C. ★

#### My most memorable meal: No. 15

### A. Davidson Dunton

recalls



#### A fete that paid a debt in Hungary

With a Montreal friend, Bart Morgan, I was touring Europe by motorcycle in the spring of 1933 when the driving chain broke and our vehicle stuttered to a stop in a small village on the edge of the Budaörs wine district in Hungary. A crowd gathered but we knew not a word of Magyar, which was all they spoke.

Then a great burly man with flourishing mustaches appeared and announced that he was German. We said, "Canada," at which he let out a shout, pumped our hands and pounded our backs.

Fighting with the Austro-Hungarian army, he had been taken prisoner on the Italian front in the First World War. He was frozen and starving when he fell into the hands of the British. They fed him and sheltered him. He vowed if he ever met Britons in his own country he'd return the hospitality.

We had no chance to say anything. He got two men to wheel our cycle to a blacksmith's shop. Then he started to lead us around the square. At each shop he stopped and shouted in Hungarian. At different stores he picked up cold meat, cold chickens, half a dozen kinds of sausages, great loaves of bread, cakes, onions, lettuce, liquors. He kept on gathering items and people until finally the procession, led by our giant friend, headed into the country. We were going to his vineyard.

It turned out to be a wonderful place. The wine cellar was on the spot, dug into a slope. In front were large tables under the trees.

And it was a good company that sat down. There was the mayor, most of the storekeepers, some farmers and vineyard owners and a pair of *gendarmes* who had joined the parade.

Loads of food were put on the tables and everyone helped themselves, except Bart and myself. Our host took on the job of serving us. We had not a hope of refusing him or anything he offered. In particular there was sausage, a specialty of the village, which seemed to be made of various parts of a hog combined with a large amount of garlic. Wine was no problem: it came from the cellar forty feet away. The waiter was the old man in a leather apron. He had a long glass tube that bulged near the top, narrowing at the upper end. He would poke this down into one of the wine barrels, draw the wine up into it and stop the lower end with his finger. To serve the wine he simply had to remove his finger.

There was dancing on the grass and on the tables. There was a wonderful display when our host took a bayoneted rifle from our *gendarme* and told the other to defend himself. The *gendarme* saved himself by diving under a table.

After four hours our host was still pressing food on us. By about five o'clock he said some of the guests had to be getting back to work. The procession wound back slowly to the village. The driving chain had been put together, and we left the village square accompanied by Hungarian cheers. ★

MR. DUNTON IS CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS OF THE CBC.



## What are YOU doing to provide for your independence?

The canny squirrel tucks away the food he knows he'll need in the wintry days ahead. What have you tucked away for the days of retirement — the retirement that can be as chill as any winter day if you haven't prepared for it?

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# Parade

## Is the dog really man's best friend?

Encountering a small boy and his dog intently hustling along a Winnipeg street at dusk, a nostalgic Parade scout was wondering on what childish adventure they might be bent when the boy pulled up at the door of a hotel beverage room. "Go



get him!" he sicked his dog. The dog vanished a moment, a peremptory bark echoed from inside, and out came Pop.

\* \* \*

There's a married man in Regina with a fine baritone who was called on to sing the morning solo in church recently, and did so with great satisfaction because he felt he was in prime voice. That was before he spotted his nine-year-old daughter and her best friend, down front in the congregation, poking their fingers in their ears.

\* \* \*

When a Vancouver man received a call from the Union Steamship Co. that they were delivering a deer that had been shipped to him from up the coast, he was overwhelmed with gratitude that on this year when he couldn't take time for hunting, his guide of former years had evidently remembered him. He was so grateful that after getting the beast butchered he passed out choice cuts to friends all over town, even remembering the widow next door at the last minute, in time to give her one of the lesser cuts. It was then that he received a delayed wire from the son of the woman next door in up-coast B. C.: "Shipping you deer for mother please arrange butchering and take cut for your trouble . . ."

\* \* \*

We hope all the hockey playoffs are wound up this season without any ugly moments such as occurred a year ago during the Western Junior finals in Regina when a Port Arthur player came out of one melee so badly injured he was hauled off to the hospital for head X rays. Doctors were horrified and a first-rate sports scandal was in the making when the X-ray plates revealed a bullet lodged in the player's skull. Fortunately before police were called the medicos decided they'd better break the news to the injured man, and he told them not to give it a thought. He'd been carrying the bullet around in his noggin ever since a childhood shooting incident.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

Advertisers are always doing surveys, so we've been doing our own survey of Canadian advertising and have we ever come up with a fascinating collection! We found an upholstering firm in Nova Scotia that proudly advertises it is just "33 steps from the Yarmouth jail." Port Arthur, Ont., has a jeweler who recently advertised with refreshing bluntness, "You don't need cash! Instead use our revolting credit plan." A radio station in Saint John, N.B., carries a commercial announcing, "The Crystal Ice Company specializes in one thing and one thing only — supplying your heating needs." And the Moose Jaw Times-Herald produced possibly the most intriguing classified ad of the year with, "Lost: seven freshly extracted teeth, wrapped in cellophane. Reward."

\* \* \*

But the real stopper was a TV commercial that any ad-and-sales club in the land would acclaim in a class by itself for visual action, pace and punch. The station was CHCT-TV in Calgary, and in a sponsored pause "just before the weather" the camera swung to a man's tweed sports jacket mounted on a clothing dummy, while an announcer fingered the material and glowingly described its rugged weave, its fine cut and its leather buttons. "And

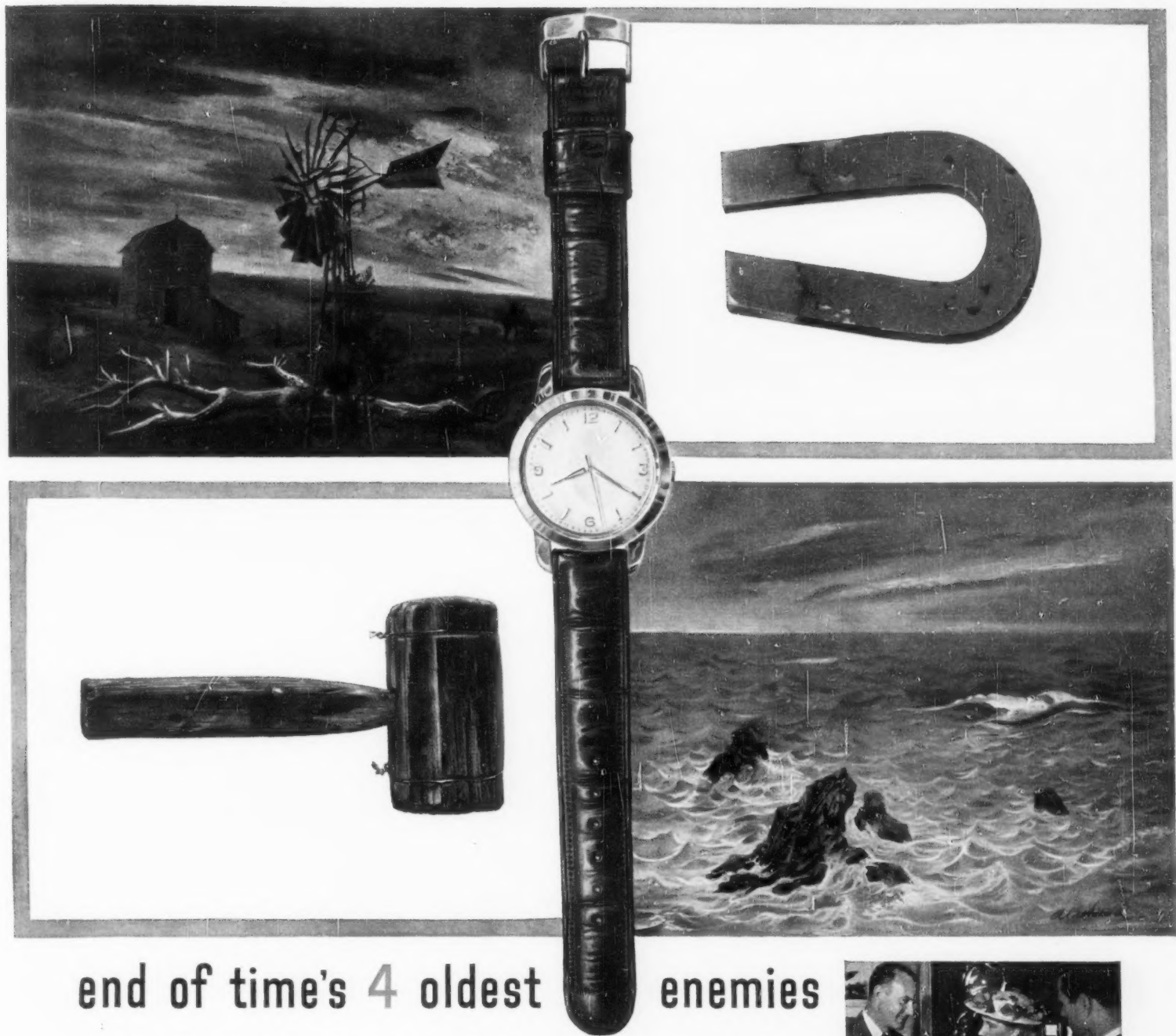


note the quality of the lining," he added, slipping the coat open and discovering too late that the bare mannequin beneath was the type normally used to display dresses.

\* \* \*

Passing motorists who may have seen a Gray Coach driver jump out and start pelting his bus with snowballs, between Oakville and Toronto one day recently, will be glad to know he wasn't even mad at his vehicle. Too short to reach the windshield of his oversize highway cruiser he had to use his wits to help the electric wipers clean the flying mud off the glass so he could see the road. One of the passengers tells us it worked fine.





## end of time's 4 oldest enemies

Dust. Dirt. Water. Shock. Even the pull of the earth's magnetism! Had you any idea your valued watch could have so many enemies?

The Swiss watchmaker has known for over 300 years! And he has invented many amazing devices for defeating these foes of time.

Today, you'll find fine, jeweled-lever Swiss watches sealed against water, dust and damp... watches that resist shock and magnetism... watches that protect against forgetfulness... for they *wind themselves* as you wear them.

Yet the marvel of modern Swiss watches is not that they keep time intact—but tell it in such a variety of useful ways. In calendar watches that record time in minutes, days, months and years. In chronographs that split seconds, do arithmetic, and measure off sound, speed and distance without missing a tick.

Plan to see these modern Swiss jeweled-lever watches at your jeweler. And *for the gifts you'll give with pride, let your jeweler be your guide.*



**Gems of time.** The wonderland of exciting, new Swiss jeweled-lever watches at your jeweler will certainly complement your wardrobe as smartly as they compliment your own good taste.

TIME IS THE ART OF THE WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND



Artist Robert Faircett captures a moment of companionship  
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